The Massillon Independent.

WHOLE NO 1143 | MASSILLON, OHIO, NOVEMBER 30, 1893 | XXXII—NO. 34.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

ATTORNEYS.

ROBERT H. FOLGER, Attorney at Law, U. S. Commissioner, Commissioner of Deeds for New York and Pennsylvania, and Notary Public Office second floor over Rudolph's jewelry store. South Erie street, Massillon, O. Will give strict attention to all business entrusted to his care in Stark and the adjoining counties.

BANKS.

GERMAN DEPOSIT BANK, Hotel Conrad Block. Dealer in promissory notes, manufacturers' scrip and exchange. Collections made in all cities and towns in the United States.
P. G. ALBRIGHT, Cashier.

UNION NATIONAL BANK, Massillon Ohio Jos. Coleman, President, J. H. Hunt, Cashier.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK, Erie street Massillon, Ohio. $150,000 Capital. S Hunt, President; C Steese Cashier.

DRUGGISTS.

Z. T. BALTZLY, dealer in Drugs, Medicines and Chemicals, Perfumery and Fancy articles, Stationery and Blank Books, Opera House Massillon, Ohio.

PHYSICIANS.

DR. W. H. KIKLAND, Homeopathic Practice. Office No. 55 East Main street, Massillon, Ohio. Office open day and night.

HARDWARE.

S. A. CONRAD & CO., Dealer in Foreign and Domestic Hardware, etc., Main street.

MANUFACTORIES.

RUSSELL & CO., manufacturers of Threshing Machines, Portable, Semi-Portable and Traction Engines, Horse powers, Saw Mills, &c.

MASSILLON ROLLING MILL, Jos. Corns & Son, Proprietors, manufacturers of a superior quality of Merchant Bar and Blacksmith Iron.

MASSILLON GLASS FACTORY, manufactures Green Glass Hollow Ware, Beer Bottles, Flasks, &c.

MASSILLON IRON BRIDGE CO. Manufacturers of Bridges, Roofs and General Iron Structures.

GROCERIES.

D. ATWATER & SON. Established in 1832 Forwarding and Commission Merchant and dealer in all kinds of Country Produce. Ware house in Atwater's Block, Exchange street.

JEWELERS.

C. F. VON KANEL, East Side Jewelry Store East Main street.

JOSEPH COLEMAN dealer in Watches, Clocks Jewelry, Silverware, Musical Instruments, etc. No. 5 South Erie street.

Traveler's Register

Trains leave and depart on Standard time minutes slower than city time.

CLEVELAND, LORAIN & WHEELING.

SOUTH.

No. 41 (goes to Bellaire)	6:30 a. m.
No. 35 (goes to Wheeling)	10:01 "
No. 37 do do	3:38 p. m.
No. 39 (goes to Uhrichsville)	7:19 "

NORTH.

No. 24	6:55 a. m.
No. 36	11:56 a. m.
No. 34	5:26 p. m.
No. 42 arrives at	7:20 p. m.

WHEELING & LAKE ERIE.

GOING TOWARD WHEELING.

No. 1, Daily	8:30 a. m.
No. 5	1:05 p. m.
No. 7, Steps here	6:40 p. m.
No. 11, Sunday only	5:50 p. m.

GOING TOWARD TOLEDO.

No. 4	8:35 a. m.
No. 6	12:32 p. m.
No. 8, Daily	5:46 p. m.
No 12, Sunday only	10:30 a. m.

P., FT. W. & C.

East.	West.
4:12 a. m.	3:35 a. m.
7:40 a. m.,	9:22 a m.
12:40 p m.	10:31 a. m.,
1:40 p. m.	5:10 p. m.
9:05 p. m.	

CLEVELAND, AKRON & COLUMBUS.

Mt. Vernon & Pan Handle Route at Orrville

NORTH SOUTH.

No. 35, Exp...8:28 a. m. No. 2 Exp...11:18 a. m.
" 27, Exp...4:15 a. m. " 38 Exp.. 8:37 a. m.
" 3, Exp...3:12 p. m. " 28, Exp..10:42 p. m.
" 7, Exp...8:40 p. m. " 8, Exp...7:20 a. m.

Train 5 (Cleveland Express) leaves Orrville at 7:15 a. m., (connecting with P. Ft. W. & No. 10 from the West), Akron 8:14 a. m., arriving at Cleveland 9:50 a. m. No. 4 returning leaves Cleveland at 3:25 p. m., arriving at Akron 5:05 p. m., Orrville at 5:55 p. m., making direct connection with P., F. W. & C. for Wooster Shreve and all points west.

Trains 27, 28, 2 and 3 run daily, all other trains daily except Sunday.

Trains 27 and 28 have through Pullman sleepers between Cleveland, Akron and Cincinnati.

CLEVELAND CANTON & SOUTHERN R. R.

GOING NORTH

Leave Massillon via C. M. E. Ry. 6:25 a. m. Leave Canton at 7:25 a. m., arrive at Cleveland 9:35 a. m. Leave Massillon via C. M. E Ry., 8:30 a. m., leave Canton at 10:00 a. m., arrive at Cleveland at 12 noon. Leave Massillon via C. M. E. Ry. at 2:30 p. m., leave Canton at 4:19 p. m., arrive Cleveland 6:10 p. m.

GOING SOUTH

Leave Cleveland at 7:00 a. m., arrive at Canton 9:03 a. m., arrive at Massillon at 10:25 a. m. via C. M. E. Ry. Leave Cleveland at 3:00 p. m., arrive at Canton at 5:00 p. m., Massillon at 6:25 p. m., via C. M. E. Ry. Leave Cleveland at 6:30 p. m., arrive at Canton 8:20 p. m. arrive at Massillon at 9:25 p. m., via C. M. E Ry.

Single and round trip tickets for Cleveland have been placed on sale at Bahney-Spalding Co.'s, 20 East Main street.

CANTON-MASSILLON ELECTRIC RAILWAY

Cars depart on standard time.

Regular trains between Massillon and Canton leave from city park hourly. 5:30 o'clock a. m. to 10:30 o'clock p. m. Trains returning leave from the public square, Canton, on the half hours, from 5:30 o'clock a. m. until 10:30 p. m.

SPECIAL SERVICE.

For special service, or more particular information inquire of

F. H. KILLINGER,
General Agent,
Massillon, O

LEWIS' 98 perct. LYE
POWDERED AND PERFUMED
(PATENTED)

The strongest and purest Lye made. Unlike other Lye, it being a fine powder and packed in a can with removable lid, the contents are always ready for use. Will make the best perfumed Hard Soap in 20 minutes without boiling. It is the best for cleansing waste pipes, disinfecting sinks, closets, washing bottles, paints, trees, etc.
PENNA. SALT M'F'G. CO.
Gen. Agts., Phila., Pa.

CHAS. D. WISE,
Surveyor, Civil and Mining Engineer and Draughtsman.

Abstractor of Titles and Notary Public.

Office, Room 1, Stone Block, MASSILLON, O.

A FORMIDABLE REVOLT

Mexican Revolutionists Swarm the Mountain Passes.

QUELLING IT WILL BE DIFFICULT.

The Rebels Know the Country While Government Troops Don't—They Mean Business Too—Visit of a Prominent Mexican Among Them.

EL PASO, Tex., Nov. 29.—It may be said that nothing has developed in the Mexican border situation, but a correspondent has succeeded in learning a few things from a source that makes them important. An agent has just returned from an extensive trip into a portion of the country now disturbed by the insurgents and the rumors of war. On this trip he interviewed a prominent Mexican merchant who has just returned from the mountains. He lives down in Mexico and his extensive business carries him throughout Chihuahua, even to the Sonora line. Were his name given all Mexico would recognize the value of his statements and also the worthlessness of his life and property in the republic if he desired to remain there.

He says that in the mountains west of Ascension and Casas Grandes he met bodies of the revolutionists and talked with them. In some instances he camped with them. He met about 300 of these troops well armed and well supplied with the munitions of war. He declares that even should they receive no recruits they could stand against thousands of regular soldiers from the City of Mexico or Chihuahua, as they know the fastnesses and passes, which they keep well guarded. They are determined men and are not to be called in any sense bandits or robbers. They are fighting for what they believe their rights and will die for them, however bootless such death may be. They molest no one and demand nothing of the citizens, though many people gladly assist them, even secretly as it may be. This story comports exactly with what has been heretofore told. This merchant's story, that the insurgents pay for what they get from the citizens, is in corroboration of the report that the Ascarites of Las Cruces, New Mexico, had given them a supply of money, though there is much ground for doubting this.

Yet a Mexican official has passed through this city who was in the customs service at Palomas the day the rebels took that place. He is on his way from the City of Mexico, where he has been ordered to give a personal report of the affairs to the high officials. He does not know how many armed men attacked the customhouse, but he knew nothing of what was going on until they looked into the muzzles of cocked guns and were ordered to give up all money, guns and ammunition they had on hand. They took $200 in silver, leaving untouched $500 in Chihuahua bank bills. This official is on his way back to Palomas to close up business and abandon the customhouse on the first of the month.

The Boston and Maine in a New Deal.

BOSTON, Nov. 29.—All the arrangements have been made for a big railroad deal by which the Boston and Maine will secure control of the Concord and Montreal. By the terms of the agreement the Concord railroad will pass into the control of the Boston and Maine for a long term of years.

Fatally Stabbed in a Quarrel.

POTTSVILLE, Pa., Nov. 29.—Anthony Barskofsky and Joseph Bowsher of Cambola quarreled over a woman and Bowsher plunged his knife in Barskofsky's left breast, inflicting what is believed to be a fatal injury. Bowsher was committed to jail here.

Will Make No Terms.

MELLILA, Nov. 29.—General Martinez Campos has arrived here after a rough passage. He will decline to enter into any negotiations with the enemy, and is determined to act with vigor and bring the campaign to an end and as quickly as possible.

Bad For Night Owls.

PITTSBURG, Nov. 29.—The police hereafter will arrest all persons who are found on the street after 1 o'clock in the morning who cannot give a good account of themselves, on the South Side and the East End, where there have been many petty robberies.

A Club Man Commits Suicide.

NEW YORK, Nov. 29.—Charles Lord, 30 years old, a member of the Calumet club, was found dead in his bachelor apartment at 12 East Twenty-ninth street. He had committed suicide by sending a bullet through his right temple.

A Life Association Dissolved.

CHICAGO, Nov. 29.—Upon the application of Attorney General Moloney Judge Horton entered a decree dissolving the Total Abstinence Life Association of America, against which an information had been filed some time ago.

Got a Fair Medal.

TROY, N. Y., Nov. 29.—The Monastery of the Good Shepherd here has received from the Chicago exhibition commissioners a gold medal for being a model reformatory.

Charged With Poisoning.

HALIFAX, N. S., Nov. 29.—Richard Innes [illegible] here on a charge of having caused the death of Eliza Hughes by administering poison. Innes is 35 years old.

Old Police Captain Dead.

NEW YORK, Nov. 29.—Captain William McCormick, who is said to be the first police captain appointed in New York city, is dead of Bright's disease.

Grieved Herself to Death.

READING, Pa., Nov. 29.—Mrs. Daniel Kutz is dead of grief over the loss of her husband, who died on Saturday. The couple had been married 60 years.

DIRE PREDICTIONS.

A Prophesy That the K. of L. Won't Live Another Year.

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 29.—The new executive board of the Knights of Labor will continue in session here for several days. The general assemly having adjourned, the delegates are leaving for home.

Since the assembly adjourned a great deal of dissatisfaction is being openly expressed concerning the way the assembly conducted the business this year. Predictions are made that the order will not live through another year. Mr. Powderly, if possible, was more reticent than ever about the recent events that have deprived him of office.

The Kaiser Gets an Infernal Machine.

BERLIN, Nov. 29.—It now appears that Emperor William also received an infernal machine from Orleans similar to the one which was sent to Chancellor Von Caprivi. The infernal machine sent to the emperor was accompanied by a letter, both machine and letter were delivered at the office of the emperor's civil cabinet, where some of the employes became suspicious of the contents of the box, accidentally discovering its real nature and soon managed to render it harmless.

$50,000 Failure at Waynesburg.

WAYNESBURG, Pa., Nov. 29.—Judgments aggregating $50,000 have been entered against the Iams Brothers of Swarts Station, owners of 750 acres of land in Louis township. Their assets will cover their liabilities if the property is sold at a fair price. James L. Iams, one of the firm, is chairman of the Greene county Democratic committee and deputy collector of internal revenue.

Narrow Escape of 350 Miners.

IRON MOUNTAIN, Mich., Nov. 29.—The timbering on the third level of the Pewabic mine caught fire and the 350 men were forced to the surface. The mine has been hermetically sealed in an attempt to smother the flames and it is impossible to estimate the damage. The Pewabic is the only mine working here, and unless the fire is soon smothered it means a hard blow to the miners.

A Surprise For the Lawyer.

NORRISTOWN, Pa., Nov. 29.—Lawyer Isaac Chism pressed the electric button in the record vault at the town hall, and immediately there was an explosion which hurled the lawyer across the hallway and badly shattered the windows in the building. The explosion was due to compressed gas, which escaped from a burner that was lighted the night before.

Died Through Laughing.

LAUREL, Md., Nov. 29.—Wesley Parsons, an aged and well known farmer, while joking with friends was seized with a spell of laughing, being unable to stop. He laughed for nearly an hour, when he began hiccoughing, and two hours later he died from exhaustion.

The Pennsylvania to Cut Wages.

PITTSBURG, Nov. 29.—The Pennsylvania Railroad company is contemplating a big reduction in its force of employes on the Pittsburg division. The reduction will include all classes from sectionmen up to trainmen, agents and officemen.

A Memorial Tablet to Lowell.

LONDON, Nov. 29.—The memorial tablet erected to the memory of the late James Russell Lowell in the old Chapter House of Westminster Abbey by the subscriptions of his English admirers was unveiled with impressive ceremonies. Among those present was the United States ambassador, the Hon. Thomas F. Bayard.

Will Ignore the Unions.

DANBURY, Conn., Nov. 29.—It is reported that the hat manufacturers will commence Friday to open their shop independent of the unions and receive applications for employment. The 20 members of the Manufacturers' association have posted $500 each, that sum to be forfeited by any member who secedes.

To Inspect the Treasury Building.

KALAMAZOO, Mich., Nov. 29.—Secretary Carlisle has ordered L. L. Benson of this city, a well known sanitary expert, to make an examination of the United States treasury building at Washington and submit a proposition for such improvements in the ventilation sewerage, and plumbing systems of the building as he may deem necessary.

Superintendent Hall Resigns.

WEST CHESTER, Pa., Nov. 29.—William J. Hall, superintendent at Swarthmore college, has resigned the position of trustee at the State Normal school here, which he has filled for the past 13 years, and his place was filled by the election of William S. Windle, a son-in-law of Judge William Butler.

Converted Robber Returns For Trial.

SPRINGFIELD, O., Nov. 29.—Leonard Copenhafer, indicted in January, 1891, for assault with intent to rob, jumped his bail and fled to Indiana, where he was converted and became an itinerant minister. Copenhafer arrived in town and gave himself up, saying: "It is the will of God I come."

Dr. Meyer's Trail Set.

NEW YORK, Nov. 29.—The trail of Dr. Henry C. F. Meyer, who is under indictment for poising Gustave Brandt for the purpose of obtaining insurance money, has been set for Monday, Dec. 4, before Judge Barrett. District Attorney Nicholl will conduct the prosecution.

A Den of Thieves Broken Up.

PARKERSBURG, W. Va., Nov. 29.—Postoffice Inspector Hooten and Deputy United States Marshal Mehan, who have been running down the Fort Sidney gang of 40 thieves, have arrested W. H. Brewer. The gang are in jail and warrants are out for six others.

Free From Duty.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 29.—Acting Secretary Curtis has written a letter to the customs collector at Chicago in which he says the materials entering into the construction of the foreign government building at Chicago may be relieved from the payment of duty.

THE INTERNAL TAXES.

Tariff Framers at Work on Them Today.

INCOME PROBLEM IS A HARD ONE.

It Will Require Hard Labor From Committee Members—Likely to Be Sweeping—Republicans Preparing For a Vigorous Fight on the New Measure.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 29.—The ways and means committee is today devoting its attention to the internal revenue schedule of the new tariff system. Messrs. McMillin, Bryan and Montgomery, members of the sub-committee on internal revenue, met and began the formulation of the internal revenue and income tax provisions. The internal revenue schedule proposition will not be very difficult, but the income tax schedule will involve considerable labor. It still appears that the increase of the whisky tax, if any increase be made, will not exceed 10 cents per gallon, and the changes in the tobacco schedule will be very light and directed rather to more logical classifications than to an increase in the tax.

The whole income tax question is opened up anew and it is now possible that the tax may after all be of that sweeping character as to include all individuals of incomes of $5,000 per annum or over.

The Republicans are already preparing for a vigorous fight on the new tariff bill. Circular letters are now being sent out by the thousands by Justice, Bateman & Co., the Philadelphia wool commission merchants, asking that certain data be sent to Mr. J. C. Burrows, a Republican member of the ways and means committee, in regard to the wool question.

Of course the principal theme of discussion in congressional circles is the new tariff bill. Conservative Democrats are figuring that the deficit caused by the new bill will not exceed $35,000,000. They claim that in addition to the revenue to be derived from the stimulated importation by the relief of articles taxed to the degree of prohibition, which they claim will amount to from $10,000,000 to $15,000,000, that the natural increase in importation under the McKinley bill, had not the hard times set in, would have amounted this year to from $5,000,000 to $10,000,000. With the resumption of business this increase they think will be fully realized, materially reducing the amount to be raised by the internal revenue and from some new measure yet to be inaugurated.

In the south generally the effect of the new tariff bill will not be felt so severely as elsewhere, on account of the local character of its great industries.

In those localities, however, its results will be felt to a very considerable extent. Rice, sugar, iron ore and coal are the principal articles in which the southerners are interested and all have been subjected to vigorous treatment.

There is a 2½ per cent cut in the duty on cleaned rice and 20 per cent on the uncleaned product. South Carolina, Florida and Louisiana are much interested in this matter and the representatives of those states do not relish the reduction at all. They will probably make an effort to restore the rates, but they are rather disposed to rejoice that they were not treated more badly, for at one time it looked as if rice would be placed on the free list in the final draft of the bill.

The western members seem to be fairly well satisfied with the bill. The Democrats of that section are largely free traders anyway. Up in Minnesota, Wisconsin and Northern Michigan there are some of the largest and most easily worked deposits of iron in the country. Representative Baldwin, whose district in Minnesota includes many of these mines, is far from being dismayed at the prospect of free iron.

"It may possibly retard the development of the country for a short time," said he, "but it will bring the iron business to its proper commercial basis and then attention will be directed to those fields where the ore can be most easily worked. When that time comes the western mines will be developed with startling rapidity."

Representative Boatner (Dem., La.) said: "My objection to the bill is that it falls below the point of raising revenue. If they had put a small revenue duty on some of the things, which are on the free list under the bill, which would not have affected the cost of the articles to the consumers, but would have added to the revenue of the bill, it would have been a measure entirely unobjectionable."

Representative Gear (Rep., Ia.), member of the ways and means committee, said: "The cut in the schedule relating to agricultural products will hurt Iowa as well as all the states contiguous to the Canadian border by subjecting their farmers to competition with the agricultural products of Canada. The people of Iowa understand the situation and appreciate fully what competition with Canadian products means."

No Chance For Home Rule.

DUBLIN, Nov. 29.—John Redmond, leader of the Parnellites, speaking in Wexford, said he knew that the government had not merely postponed the further consideration of home rule until 1894, but had determined, Justin McCarthy consenting, not to revive the subject in the present parliament. The prospects of autonomy for Ireland, Mr. Redmond added, were darker now than at any other time in the last 10 years.

Bohemia Will Be Represented.

VIENNA, Nov. 29.—It is reported that the new government intends to give a seat in the cabinet to a special minister for Bohemia.

A Famous Race Horse Dead.

LONDON, Nov. 29.—The famous race horse Atlantic is dead on the estate of Baron Schickler at Martinvast, near Cherbourg.

THE NEGRO PROBLEM.

A Convention of Colored Representatives Considering It.

CINCINNATI, Nov. 29.—Over 500 delegates are attending the national colored convention in this city. It was called Sept. 30 for the purpose of devising means to improve the condition of the colored people, especially in the south. The permanent officers are: President, Bishop H. M. Turner; first vice president, Dr. Payne; second vice president, Dr. J. R. Crossland, St. Joseph, Mo.; third vice president, Sam D. Hill, Cincinnati; fourth vice president, W. H. Ellis, Mexico; fifth vice president, Rev. E. S. Gillam, Louisville; secretary, Dr. G. W. Bryant; assistant secretary, George W. Williams, Indianapolis; assistant secretary, W. H. Steward, Louisville.

Hon. C. H. J. Taylor of Kansas City, Kan., recently appointed United States minister to Bolivia, made an address, taking strong ground against all mob law in general. His remedy was the enactment from special statute for the speedy trial of all lynchists, fixing the punishment at death. He would also compel the county in which a man was lynched to pay his heirs $10,000.

Bishop Turner delivered an address carefully prepared and full of deep feeling. He deplored the apparent taint upon the race and declared that if even half that was charged against the colored men of the United States is true, colored men themselves should band together and organize for the correction of the evil by the most radical measures. The bishop's remedy is in partial African emigration. He favors calling on this nation for a portion of the $10,000,000,000 which the country owes the colored race for daily labor, say $500,000,000 to enable them to begin African emigration.

Don't Want Mrs. Fulton.

COLUMBUS, O., Nov. 29.—Some weeks ago Governor McKinley received a requisition from Governor Flower of New York for the extradition of Mrs. Margaretta Fulton of Portsmouth, indicted in New York city upon a charge of kidnaping her niece. The charge was preferred by Mrs. McCune, the girl's mother. A requisition was resisted, and Governor McKinley gave the parties a hearing, at which New York was represented by a district attorney of that city. At the conclusion of the hearing the attorney requested that the decision be postponed until he could investigate some of the statements made by the defense. A letter has been received from Governor Flower, withdrawing the requisition.

Paige's Terms Rejected.

WARREN, O., Nov. 29. The offer of the attorneys of David R. Paige to pay 20 per cent of his claim in cash and give one-year paper for 30 per cent, secured by the New York aqueduct contract, has been rejected by the Second National bank of this city. The First National and Western Reserve National, also of this place, refuse to agree to the terms proposed. The claims held here which are now in litigation are as follows: First National bank, $15,089; Western Reserve National, $8,000; Farmers' National of Canfield, $5,000; Kinsman National, $5,000.

A Fruitless Job.

NEW MADISON, O., Nov. 28.—Unknown parties entered the hardware and grocery store of Flaig Bros. through a window on the west side of the building and drilled through the top of their safe and blew the door clear off the hinges. Mr. William Flaig is township treasurer, and it is supposed that the burglars supposed that he kept the township money in the safe, but they got nothing for their trouble, as the safe contained nothing but a few notes and their books. The thieves took 12 revolvers out of the show cases.

Family Narrowly Escape Cremation.

CELINA, O., Nov. 29. Deputy Sheriff John Houser, wife and children had a narrow escape from a horrible death. He burns gas from the old gas company's main, and the cold days have been running it down very low, so low that wood was used to keep the rooms warm. They retired with hardly any gas. During the night the pressure came on so strong that the flames blew out of the stove and set the room on fire. In a short time the room was in flames. Heroic work by neighbors saved the family and house.

Not the Right Man.

DAYTON, O., Nov. 29. Chief of Police T. J. Farrell returned home from Hoboken, whither he went to identify a suspect under arrest who was supposed to be Fritzie Dhein, the diamond thief. The suspect is about one inch taller than Dhein and with this exception, Chief Farrell says, he is a "dead ringer" for the diamond thief. Fritzie has also a design in India ink on his left forearm which the suspect did not possess.

Two Killed and Two Injured.

CONNEAUT, O., Nov. 29.—A Lake Shore freight train backed on the siding at this place and through some misunderstanding the switch was left open. A freight train from the east dashed through the open switch, totally demolishing both engines and 10 cars. Engineer Games and Fireman Kirke of the standing train were instantly killed. The engineer and fireman of the east bound train were so badly injured that they may die.

Robbers Caught.

WARREN, O., Nov. 29.—Albert Hamilton and Eli Palmer have been lodged in the Warren jail, charged with complicity in a number of bold robberies which have occurred in Brookfield township, this county, during the last few weeks. Two other young men are implicated, but they escaped across the Pennsylvania line. A special grand jury will be called to investigate.

Appraisers' Make a Report.

MIDDLETOWN, O., Nov. 29.—The new appraisers for the Amanda mills, Messrs. August Ashworth, W. P. Outterson and William Coddington, completed their work Saturday night, and filed a report giving their estimate at $20,000, or $2,000 more than that placed by the former appraisement. The property will now be sold by the sheriff at public [illegible].

WILSON'S TARIFF

The New Measure as He Interprets It.

SWEEPING CHANGES MADE.

He Tells Why Many Articles Are Placed on the Free List.

BELIEVES IN AD VALOREM DUTIES.

Specific Duties, He Says, Hide Excessive Tariffs and Permit Many Frauds by Petty Appraisers—Taxes Upon Productions Are Double Wrongs They Gather and Accumulate on the Consumer of the Finished Product Thinks American Manufacturers Can Compete in the Markets of the World—Pottery and Iron and Steel Productions Reduced—The Sugar Bounty to Be Cut Down Gradually—Wool Is Made Free.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 28.—Chairman Wilson of the ways and means committee in a statement issued on the new tariff bill says its main features are two:

First—The adoption wherever it seemed practicable of advalorem instead of specific duties; secondly. The freeing from taxes of these great materials of industry that lie at the basis of protection.

Specific rates of duty are objectionable for these reasons. They frequently conceal a rate of taxation too enormous to be submitted to, if exposed in advalorem terms as the duty of 8 cents on 100 pounds on salt in bulk, which amounts to over 80 per cent on a common necessary of life. They always bear heavily on the common article used by the masses and lightly on the expensive article consumed by the rich as a tax of $50 on all houses would be little or nothing on the great mansion and very high on the humble home. And, contrary to common belief, specific duties lead to greater frauds in administration for counting and weighing at the custom house are done by the cheapest and most easily corrupted labor, while advalorem rates are assessed by the best paid and most responsible appraisers.

He says that the boldest innovation of the bill is its large free list of the raw materials. Taxes upon productions are double wrongs. They gather and accumulate on the consumers of the finished product. They hurt labor by narrowing the market for what it produces. Coal and iron are the foundations of modern industry. Material progress is measured by the amount of their consumption. No other country can supply them as abundantly or cheaply as we can. No possible competition can interfere with our own producers a few miles in the interior of the country. Remoteness from the sources of supply is in itself enough disadvantage to any section of the country without further burdens in tariff taxes.

Untaxed ores, coal, lumber, wool and other things must immensely stimulate production in certain parts of our country. The thin wedge of American manufactures has entered every country with release from taxes on their materials there is no limit to the growth of our foreign trade. This will more than compensate the home producers of raw material who, tariff or no tariff, control all the interior of country from any apprehended loss of markets anywhere along the seaboard. Its incalculable advantage to labor is apparent. In every great line of manufacture we can produce in six months to nine months enough for our home market. We can get rid of our surplus only by foreign trade. As long as we have taxes on the materials of industry we cannot build up that trade, hence the other alternative, trusts to keep down production to the home market.

Mr. Wilson then recapitulates the salient changes in some of the schedules. He then says:

"In the pottery schedule reductions are made. Plain white ware is decreased from the high schedule in which it mysteriously crowded itself. Decorated ware is reduced from 60 to 45 per cent; undecorated from 55 to 45 per cent. In common window glass, where close combinations have kept up the prices to consumers under the scale of duties averaging 100 per cent, a reduction of one-half has been made in all the larger sizes. There is no doubt that these rates will permit a very healthy growth of the industry here. In plate glass reductions are made, the largest size from 50 cents to 30 cents per square foot; on silvered from 60 to 35 cents.

"In the iron and steel schedule we begin with free ore. The discovery of the immense deposits of Bessemer ore in the lake regions and of foundry ores in Alabama has rapidly swept us to the leadership of the word in the production of iron and steel and brought near at hand an undisputed supremacy in the great field of manufactures. The use of steam shovels reduces the cost of mining to a point where the wages paid "natural labor" are irrevant. Pig iron we reduce from $6.72 per ton, which is from 50 to 90 per cent to a uniform duty of 22 1-2 per cent. A rate somewhat higher in proportion than the rest of the schedule because of cheap freight rates on foreign pig, it being a favorite freight on westward voyages. Steel rails we reduce from $13.44 per ton now 74 per cent to 25 per cent. As the pool which has kept up prices so many years in this country seems now disorganized, the other producers will soon need protection, more against Mr. Carnegie at Pittsburg, and Mr. Stirling at Chicago than against foreign producers.

"The residue of the schedule varies from 25 to 30 per cent. Beams and girders are 35 per cent, because of the waste of cutting beams and the variety of lengths and also of the frequent necessity of changing the rolls in making beams and girders, because of the irregular quantities and lengths and sizes of orders. Tin plates are reduced to 40 per cent, a little more than one half of the McKinley rate. This is a revenue duty and at the same time enough to permit any existing mills to live and flourish.

"Sugar has been a difficult subject to deal with. Raw sugar was transferred to the free list by the McKinley bill, because nearly all the taxes paid on it went to the public treasury. A strong desire among members of the committee was to put an advalorem duty of 20 or 25 per cent on it, and to abolish the bounty at once. After much consideration it was decided to reduce to one-half the duty on refined sugars, and to repeal the bounty one-eight each year, leaving raw sugar untaxed at present.

"In the tobacco schedule these rates were sought which would bring most revenue. The present taxes of $2.75 per pound on wrapper leaf have blotted out many small establishments and actually impaired revenue. We make the rates $1 and $1.75 per pound on wrapper leaf and 35 cents and 50 cents per pound on filler tobacco, unstemmed and stemmed, in each. Manufactures of tobacco are put at 40 cents. Cigars are reduced from $4.50 per pound and 25 per cent ad valorem to $3 per pound and 25 per cent. It is believed to be the most productive revenue rate and is higher than the law of 1863.

"Live animals are put at 20 per cent. Barley is reduced from 30 cents per bushel to 20 per cent, which is about 12 cents. Breadstuffs, of which we are immense exporters, are made free, except when imported from countries putting duties on our like products, in which case it is 20 per cent. First vegetables, fruits, eggs and like food products are untaxed for the benefit of our own consumers, largely the working people of the cities. Salt in bulk is free; in packages the salt is free, but the covering dutiable at rates prescribed for like articles.

"The tariff on spirits is put at double the internal rates on like spirits and some slight reduction is made on still wines, malt liquors, ginger ale, and like beverages in the interest of increased revenue. The duty on sparkling wines is likewise slightly reduced for the same reason that on champagne being put at $7 per dozen quarts as against $8 in the McKinley bill and $6 in the law of 1883.

"In cotton manufactures substantial reductions are made, especially on cheap cloths and prints, and the existing system of taxing by count of thread in the square inch is retained. Hemp and flax are made free; dressed line of hemp and flax 1 cent and 1 1-2 cents respectively. Burlaps and cotton and grain and bagging are put at 15 per cent, but when imported for covering of articles to be exported are duty free.

"Wool is made free. This takes the stilt from under woolen manufactures and begets the hope that they may recover from the languishing condition in which they have been for a quarter of a century, and that we may get woolen goods at reasonable rates instead of at duties that on common grades frequently reach 100 per cent and in some cases two or three times that merciless figure. Cloths and drygoods are put at 40 per cent, clothing at 45 per cent, rates higher than the committee desired, but deemed temporarily necessary because our manufactures have so long been excluded from two-thirds of the wool of the world that they will have to learn the art of manufacturing with free wool. A sliding scale is, therefore, added, by which the rates in the woolen schedule are to come down five points with the lapse of five years. Carpets, an industry in which we will soon be independent of competition, are put at 35 per cent for axminsters, moquettes and wilton; 30 per cent for brussels, while common grades are at from 50 down to 20 per cent.

The bill provides that the duty shall be removed from wool on March 1, and reduced on wool goods July 1. In the silk schedules the reduction of rates is smaller than in cotton or woolen fabrics. Some leather is reduced from 10 to 5 per cent, leather gloves are classified according to material and length, and are uniformly rated at specific duties, which average not over 25 per cent on the common varieties, and near 40 per cent on the fine lamb and kid gloves. In the schedule of sundries many articles, like hatters' plush, are put on the free list. The duty on cut diamonds, pearls and other precious stones is increased. Works of art are, I am delighted to say, put back on the free list."

It is estimated that the bill will reduce revenues on the basis of the importations of 1892 about $50,000,000.

Succeeds General Carlin.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 29.—The president has appointed Colonel E. S. Otis of the Twentieth infantry to be brigadier general of the United States army to fill the vacancy caused by the retirement of General Carlin.

A $10,000 Fire Loss.

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 29.—A fire broke out in the tallow room in the building occupied by Martin Fuller & Co. in the West Philadelphia abattoir on Thirtieth street. Prompt work by the firemen averted serious damage. Loss, $10,000.

Drowned While Skating.

TRIMBLE, O., Nov. 29.—At Millfield, four miles south of here, Willie Stewart, who disregarded his parents' warning, broke through the ice while skating and was drowned.

Tennis Has Made Peace With God.

HARRISBURG, Nov. 29.—Rev. Mr. Staley, the spiritual adviser of Murderer Ben Tennis, thinks Tennis is a fully converted man.

Two Degrees Below Zero.

LITTLE FALLS, N. Y., Nov. 29.—The thermometer was two degrees below zero and the Mohawk river is frozen over from bank to bank.

Gold For New York.

NEW YORK, Nov. 29.—The steamship Seneca from Havana brought $500,000 in gold consigned to this city.

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

NYE AS A COCKNEY.

WILLIAM IS GETTING QUITE USED TO DEAR OLD LONDON.

He Goes to Hear the Minstrels and Writes About Clarence, Who Is Back Again Once More—Cancelling an Engagement With a Duchess—Off For Golf.

[Copyright, 1893, by Edgar W. Nye.]

LONDON, England.

Geoffrey of Monmouth says that in the year 1108 before Christ, Brutus, a descendant of Æneas, who was the son of Venus, came to England with his companions after the taking of Troy and founded the city of Troynovant, which is now called London. After 1,000 years, during which the city grew and flourished exceedingly, one Lud became its king.

Next my lodgings and actually against my window is St. James' church. I can hear the sermon or the music when my window is open perfectly. This church does not believe in the divinity of Christ. I am led to believe that if we trace this matter back to the dawn of the Christian era, we will understand why London is not mentioned in the Bible, and why Paul did not correspond with the archbishop of Canterbury.

King Lud built walls and towers, and among other things the famous gate which gave its name to the street still called Ludgate. King Lud was succeeded by his brother, during whose reign Julius Cæsar, since deceased, invaded London and the town became Roman. It was newly fortified by Helena, mother of Constantine the Great.

This is the Geoffrey story, with which Walter Besant does not instantly agree. He maintains, and, too, with good reason, that the people of London are not related to the Venus family in any way whatever. A family portrait or two of Venus may be found at the national gallery. She was good looking but rather wild, and if she dressed in London as she did for these pictures, she must have suffered a good deal from pneumonia.

London, as a Roman town, was called Augusta, and where now one meets the gentleman in high hat and frock coat, the Roman senator climbed to the top of a penny 'bus while his meagre toga flapped in the fresh breeze. Where now the highland soldier in his rum uniform and purple knees gayly hies him to the Moore and Burgess minstrels at St. James' hall, the Romans 2,000 years ago sat with bowed heads and shed tears over the same jokes.

Kind words can never die.
Never die, never die;
Kind words can never die—
No, never die.

It is the same with a joke. What more enduring monument could one have above his lowly tomb than a well taxidermed joke?

At St. James' hall the other evening the following songs were sung by the company: "Old Black Joe," "Some Day," "White Wings," "The Picture That Was Turned Toward the Wall," "Lorena," "Silver Threads Among the Gold," and "Sweet Belle Mahone." I went on that special evening because it was the new programme for 1893-4.

Mr. Moore, the head of the firm, is the justly celebrated and refined father-in-law of Charles Mitchell, the mauler. He is called Pony Moore. Pony is 60 odd, but is still the end man at his own show, and as popular today as that undying humorist who is supported by his wife, Judy, and the dog Toby. Punch and Judy will probably play to standing room only so long as Big Ben and the Tower shall remain, and possibly centuries after.

In 410 A. D. the Romans went away from London, for the reason I am told that a young woman on Piccadilly one evening when it was raining spread her umbrella over a Roman senator, chucked him under the chin and said, "Hullo, Charley!" Mind you, without ever having met him before, and his name not being Charley eyether.

He told the other Romans about the incident, and the next morning every one of them was at Charing Cross station on their way home. A Roman senator had nothing but his honor and a change of togas in those days, but he prized them higher than rubies, or almost anything, for that matter.

WEPT LIKE A CHILD.

Clarence, my valet, is back with me again. I am going to take him down to the Isle of Wight for a week's coaching. It will do him good to tool about there over the beautiful roads. He is threatened with gout and this morning left an egg at table. But it was a Roman egg. By the way, it was just discovered here in a small court of justice that a grocer who dealt in eggs both of the eocene and pliocene eras was in the habit of selling this fruit when ripe for a Hyde park ovation to a confectioner, who makes a business of buying such eggs for some of his manufactures. Since I learned that, I eat fruit more and caramels less.

I have a friend who wants me to take a week's shooting on his estate. He is very kind and very hospitable, as are the English generally. Bless their great North American hearts, I was about to say. The Britisher in his own home is worth going many long, wet miles to see. He makes you believe that he built that house for you, and he only hopes that you will like it. He turns over his roof tree and servants and cellar and root house and stable to you, and then says, "What! Are you going to sail next month? You astonish me. Had arranged everything for 30 days, so that we could not have a dull day."

This is not the license of the liar, but the plain truth, and they have gone on doing it even when some of our countrymen have abused the privilege.

But I could not go shooting. I would have enjoyed it every moment, and so would the birds.

But what would Clarence do? He is so easily cast down. He leans on me so much. He lost his mother on his forty-eighth birthday, and he is comparatively alone, and I am afraid he will get dejected and get to drinking. One evening I thought I would knock the dignity out of Clarence by mixing his liquor for him. If I could only get some of that ponderous dignity knocked out of him I thought I would enjoy him more and talk more freely with him.

STARTING OUT TO PLAY GOLF.

He took the prescription I had arranged for him, also some cognac, a dipper full of Guinness and a gourd of gin, and when I suddenly asked him to jump up and get the cheese his celebrated ramrod back was a little more perpendicular than ever, and he was so much more dignified than ever that I bowed my head on the table and wept like a child.

We have lodgings that are very pleasant and a two shilling breakfast. That is, I pay two shillings for myself and two for Clarence, unless he needs something to encourage his appetite; then, of course, that is extra. Lunch we get at the house, or nearby, at well known eating works. It is the same with dinner. One can go out to these places and get a dinner a la carte blanche or a prix fixe.

This summer has seen the thorough victory of the straw hat and its establishment in London. I have been told many times never to show my nose here if I wore a straw hat, so I left mine in the stateroom of the ship and got a nice, shiny high hat, but I was surprised to find the straw hat on the street for a month after I had landed. Even in the Stock Exchange they have been worn this summer, and members have appeared in the House of Parliament in them.

This is extremely sensible, for sitting all day in a heated session and wearing a high hat or sealskin cap was gradually making the members bald.

Some also appeared without waistcoats during the hot weather, and younger ones wore sashes, so the example of my childlike and bland friend, Reed, the czar of North America and duke of Portland, has been already felt across the sea.

I have just canceled an engagement to dine at the home of her grace the Duchess of Newcastle. Some would not have done it under such trivial circumstances as I did, but I am rather fussy about my food, having been tenderly reared, and in the advertising columns of The Times this morning I read, "The Duchess of Newcastle uses Spratt's dog cakes only." Titled people of course may live as they choose, but they must not expect friends to fall in with their odd customs.

I am just now starting out for Hampstead Heath to play a game of golf, and Clarence will accompany me with an umbrella stand full of golf sticks. The game of golf is as exciting to me as kicking a frozen doughnut two miles along a winter road.

Bill Nye

A Source of Embarrassment.

Esmerelda Longcoffin—I've got such a lovely parrot.

Birdie McGinnis—Can he talk?

"I should say so. He says, 'Oh, what a fool' all day long."

"Well, doesn't that embarrass you a little when there is company present?"—Texas Siftings.

At the Banquet.

Miss Ticklowell—By the way, Mr. Cahokia, how do you like Ibsen?

Mr. Cahokia (cordially, but with some misgivings)—If it's well done, Miss Ticklowell, with mushrooms and plenty of gravy, it isn't at all bad.—Chicago Tribune.

No Doubt About It.

"Why," asked the living skeleton of the freak, who sat beside him, "are you afraid of the man who tattooed you?"

"Because," responded the poor woman, with a shiver, "he certainly has designs on me."—Puck.

Very Religious.

Mrs. Brooks—Is she religious?

Mrs. Banks—I should say so. You know that dress her husband paid for out of his poker winnings? Well, she never wears it to church.—Brooklyn Life.

Suspicious Progress.

"How is Johnny getting along with his writing?" asked the fond parent.

"Rapidly," replied the teacher. "I think he is already competent to write his own excuses."—Washington Star.

BORDEN HOME FARM.

THE UNIQUE ESTATE OF AN AMERICAN LANDED PROPRIETOR.

Home of the Genius That Gave Condensed Milk to the World—A Mammoth Grape Vineyard and a Great Herd of Handsome Holsteins.

[Special Correspondence.]

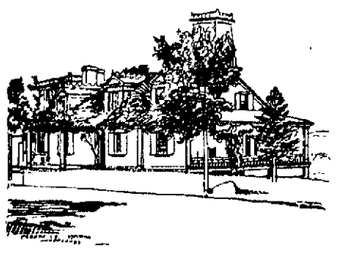
WALLKILL, N. Y., Nov. 23.—A 1,600 acre farm like the great Borden domain in this town is a rarity in the Atlantic states. The Borden Home farm is one of the results of the inventive genius that gave to the world's markets the article known as condensed milk. More than 40 years ago Gail Borden began working on his condensed milk idea, and he wrought at it 18 years before he made it a success. That it ever was a commercial success was owing to the financiering talent of the inventor's son, John G. Borden. The Home farm is situated near one of the largest of the milk condenseries.

It seems not to have been the idea to make the estate so large when the Bordens began to buy the lands near the condensery. But John G. Borden wanted to demonstrate the fact that a plain farmer may have about him all the conveniences of city life, and more too. One of these conveniences was plenty of water on tap at faucets in the house and barns. To do this required a lake and waterworks, and that required a good waterhead. Mr. Borden began buying the farms through which flowed a brook of pure water. He bought on and on toward the original spring till it came into his possession. But he had to buy no less than 16 farms to get it, and the compact body of land is now included in the Borden Home farm.

An ugly marsh was transformed into a beautiful, crystal, clear lake. Windmills were erected for pumping, pipes were laid underground, conducting the water over the farm wherever it was needed; a sufficient pressure was secured, and the Borden premises, for quadruped and biped, fairly revel in a supply of one of God's best gifts to man—water. That was one of John G. Borden's ideas.

A Vast Estate.

"Home Farm" is the name Mr. Borden gave to his property. The vast estates of Great Britain can show no landscape



THE BORDEN HOME.

more sightly, no farms better kept than this. John G. Borden was as remarkable in his way as Gail Borden had been. He used to remark that all men had fads. Some men preferred to spend their money on yachts, others on race horses. Mr. Borden's fad was this magnificent 1,600 acre farm. On it he lavished the thought and money that other men often give to objects far less worthy. No man has the right to live for himself alone. This thought was one of the controlling motives of John G. Borden's life. In developing the great Home farm he designed at once to gratify his own rural tastes and give an object lesson to the farmers around him.

Vast sums of money have been spent on the estate, and every dollar was put out for some practical purpose. The land is adapted to dairying and grape culture. Grain enough is raised for the live stock on the farm, but not even the hay is sold off. If there is more than the splendid herd of Holstein cattle can use, then a carload of western beeves is bought, and these are fattened for the market. Almost everything necessary for the equipment of a complete colony is found on Home farm. All the horse shoeing is done, all the machinery repaired in the farm blacksmith shop and machine shop. It was found troublesome to drive the beeves away when the butcher came for them. They were frightened and excited in a way that must have had a bad effect on their flesh, so a slaughter house was erected on the premises. The latest, best appliances of the city abattoir were attached, and now when beeves are to be sold off the farm they are slaughtered quietly, and the meat is delivered to the butcher, who likes this way better than the old way.

Cleanliness was another one of the fads of the owner of Home farm. Whenever the slaughter house is used floods of water descend upon the floors and walls till they look much cleaner than the amphitheaters of some medical colleges I have visited. All unsightly objects, such as weeds and stones, are removed from this whole 1,600 acres as carefully as a neat housekeeper gathers up threads and litter off her floor.

An Interesting Drive.

On a commanding hill giving a view of the picturesque river and village of Wallkill and in the blue distance of the Shawangunk mountains is the home mansion. It is a roomy, old fashioned farmhouse, enlarged and fitted up with such comforts and conveniences as are lacking sometimes in the rich city man's more pretentious home. The illustration is from a photograph taken by Miss Borden. John G. Borden died two years ago. He selected his own burial place. Upon a bold spur of the same grand hill upon which the mansion stands and in sight of its windows is its owner's grave, storm swept and sun kissed, covered with nature's mantle of snow white in winter and of living green in summer. And whether storm swept or sun kissed, shrouded in white or clothed in smiling green, always above that grave floats an American flag. John G. Borden loved his country and fought for it.

The great farm is now under the superintendence of his son—named for his grandfather—Gail Borden. Its hospitable gates are always open to visitors who behave themselves. No less than 25 miles of fine driveways have been laid out through the estate. To dairy farming and grain raising are added fruit and flower culture and vegetable gardening. On an autumn day so mellow and radiant that it lingers like a bright spot in memory I visited the Borden farm. Mr. Elwood Rue, who had charge of the farm operations, invited me to take a drive with him through the grounds. I have seen in America few such cultivated lands as these. They are more like the fat and highly finished farms of Holland and Belgium than the weedy fields with slipshod fences of our own beloved native land. In and out among bits of red and brown woodland and vineyards of splendid purple grapes the winding roads led us. Now a picturesque farmhouse, with not so much as a dead leaf upon its shining green yard, gave us a glimpse of itself as we passed by. It was the home of some of the Borden farm tenants. Now herds of beautiful Holstein cattle came lowing to meet us, a study in black and white to which only the hand of a Bonheur or Landseer could do justice. I love cows, with their shiny coats and great, gentle eyes.

A Giant Herd of Cows.

The Borden herd of milk cows now numbers 200—Holstein-Friesians and grades. Much of the milk goes to the condensery in the valley below. One of the wonders of the place is the great cow barn—circular in form and designed by John G. Borden himself. By the shape of the structure the live stock is protected from the piercing winds of winter, when the animals are turned into the central court of sunny days in cold weather. They are inclosed on all sides. The building will hold several hundred animals. If you start to walk around it, you will step out 1,830 feet—considerably more than a third of a mile.

One hundred and thirty acres of the farm are set to vineyard, much of which is just coming into bearing. This year 150 tons of grapes were gathered. Something of the care to have everything exactly right that is observed upon this farm may be judged from the way in which the grapes are packed. Outwardly they are in baskets, like other market grapes. But with each basket goes a label showing at a glance exactly who packed it. If the packing is not honestly done, or if it is done in a slovenly manner, then—well, it turns out rather badly for the person who packed those grapes. Many girls and women are employed in this work. It furnishes no small addition to the spending money of some of the Wallkill wives and daughters. The grapes are of about every variety that will thrive in the latitude of southeastern New York. Chief among them, however, is the Concord, of quality unsurpassed because of superior culture and ripeness. Sweet, black and delicious, these Concords would scarcely be recognized as belonging to the same family as some of the sour, little, knotty things we occasionally get under the name of Concords in New York city. The vineyards are dedicated to the culture of table grapes.

Curious Restrictions.

Several of the farmers from whom Mr. Borden bought their lands remain with the estate as tenants, living in the houses they formerly owned and cultivating for wages the fields they used to till as proprietors. Each of these tenant homesteads is exquisitely neat in appearance and surroundings. John G. Borden's gospel of cleanliness was enforced in the homes of his farmers as well as in his own. The smaller houses upon the great domain lie embowered in trees and surrounded by emerald green lawns.

One feature of these tenant farmers' houses, however, will impress the visitor strangely. It is the entire absence of certain sights and sounds from time immemorial associated with farmhouses. There is not a pig, a chicken or a cow about any of the houses. There is not a sign of a vegetable garden—not even a cabbage head. Connected with the Borden homestead is a vast vegetable garden. Whatever the farmer wants he can buy there fresh, and of prime quality and cheap in price. Milk and butter are bought in the same way from the product of the great Holstein herd. There are large poultry yards and runs, too, connected with the homestead, and there the tenant purchases eggs, broilers and roasters as he wants or can afford them. There is no fattening of a Thanksgiving turkey or Christmas goose in any of these smaller homes; no watching it grow plump and generous in its proportions.

Perhaps it will be that way all over the United States by and by, and the land will become concentrated into vast estates tilled by tenant farmers, but owned by rich men who have got their wealth in trade or manufacturing.

Working and Learning.

I do not know how it will be, I am sure, but this I do know: If I had a home in the country and could not have so much as an onion bed and a strawberry bed around which to dig up the ground; if I could not have a little Jersey cow and a few shining, speckled Plymouth Rock chickens all my own, then I would not care to live in the country at all. What is more, if I had a 50 or a 100 acre farm and depended on it for my living, no offer, however tempting, could induce me to part with it on condition that I was to go and be the tenant of some great farmer.

No! On the contrary, I would bend all the energies of my life to the improving of that one little farm. I would learn the most improved methods with live stock, with dairying, with poultry culture and vegetable gardening. I would take summer boarders, and I would feed them on such eggs, such butter, such strawberries and cream as would be a happy recollection in their souls all the year till they came back next summer and brought more people with them. I would use my brains for all they are worth and keep thinking and working till in one way and another I had made that little farm pay and made it likewise grow richer and handsomer year by year. In time, too, I would have in my home every convenience that a city house affords.

ELIZA ARCHARD CONNER.

SULPHUR BITTERS

THE BEST AND
PUREST MEDICINE
EVER MADE.

Don't be without a bottle. You will not regret it. Try it to-day.

What makes you tremble so? YOUR NERVES are all unstrung, and **NEED** a gentle, soothing **TONIC** to assist nature to repair the damage which your excesses have caused. Sulphur Bitters

IS NOT A CHEAP RUM OR WHISKY DRINK

to be taken by the glass like other preparations which stimulate only to **DESTROY.** If you have **FAILED** to receive any benefit from other medicines or doctors, do not despair. Use Sulphur Bitters immediately.

In all cases of stubborn, deep seated diseases, Sulphur Bitters is the best medicine to use. Don't wait until to-morrow, try a bottle to-day.

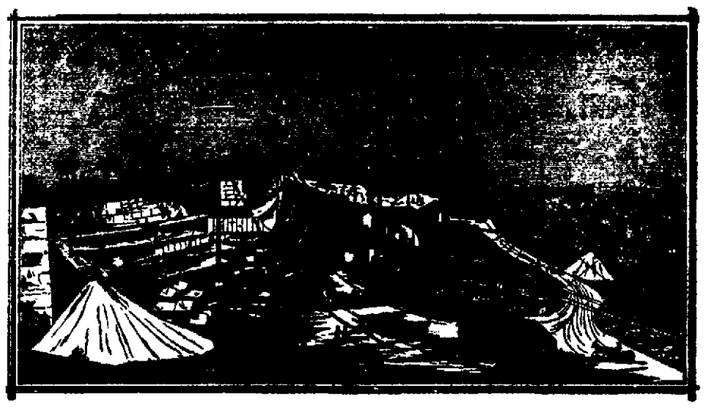
Send 3 2-cent stamps to A. P. Ordway & Co., Boston, Mass., for best medical work published

IF YOU ARE GOING TO

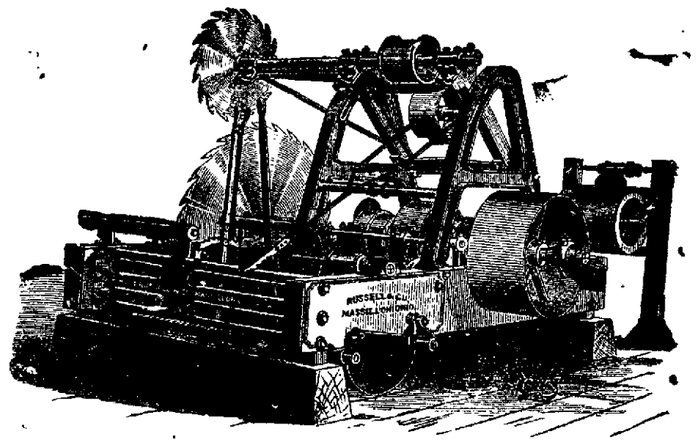
Florida

Be sure and get your tickets by the **QUEEN and CRESCENT and E. T. Va. & Ga. Rys.** *It won't cost you any more. You will get there quicker.* You will meet and travel with the very best class of people. Your surroundings will be as luxurious as money can procure. We have five complete and really magnificent trains running daily between CINCINNATI and ST AUGUSTINE. These trains are the only **Complete Vestibuled Trains** from Cincinnati to the **SOUTH.** You will save nearly half a day in time. This line is **110 Miles Shortest.** There are no extra charges on limited trains and you get the best to be had. **DON'T** pay the same price and put up with inferior service. For rates or further particulars address D. G. EDWARDS, G. P. Agt. **Q. & C. Route,** Cincinnati, O. or ask your home Ticket Agent for ticket via **QUEEN and CRESCENT ROUTE.**

THE MASSILLON QUARRIES···HARTHORST & CO



Manufactures of Grindstones for Wet and Dry Grinding. Block and Dimension Stone. Superior Sand washed and dry ground, for Glass works, and Steel and Rolling Mills.



RUSSELL & CO.'S HEAVY DOUBLE MILL.

(SPECIFICATIONS N.)

The Best Mill for the Money ever offered.

CATALOGUE AND PRICE LIST describing our Engines, Threshers and saw mills, sent on application.

RUSSELL & CO., Massillon, Ohio.

DR. H. LESTER KUTCHIN.

Dr. H. Lester Kutchin

Consulting and Examining Physician and Operating Surgeon,

Late of London, England, and Paris, France, with Ohio office at COLUMBUS, OHIO, produces below positive evidence that he does cure, after all others fail, every form of long standing, difficult, chronic diseases that are pronounced incurable by the common country practitioner. Read and consider, and if afflicted, or any member of your family or friends are suffering from a long standing, painful, lingering, or supposed incurable disease, it matters not of what name or nature, go and consult him. IT WILL COST YOU NOTHING, and may save you much suffering, pain and discomfort, and possibly save your life.

CONSULTATION, EXAMINATION AND ADVICE FREE TO ALL.

☞ SPECIAL NOTICE.—In all obscure diseased conditions DR. KUTCHIN requests the afflicted to bring a sample of urine for free analysis. This should be the first passed on arising, and should be put in an absolute clean bottle, and brought the same day passed, and at least four ounces in quantity.

POSITIVELY NO CASES TAKEN WITHOUT A PERSONAL EXAMINATION.

THE BLIND SEE.

HILLSDALE, Mich., April 10, 1892.

I wish to state I have been almost blind for 20 years with a cataract in my right eye, the left eye having been destroyed. I went to Dr. H. Lester Kutchin, at Smith's Hotel. He told me he could help me. He put some medicine into my eyes and gave me medicine, and now I am delighted to find that I can see the faces of my friends and the buildings and streets of the city. Words cannot convey any idea of my gratitude.

MRS SARAH J. SCOVILL.

HILLSDALE, Mich., April 9, 1892.

This is to certify that I called on Dr. H. Lester Kutchin, Smith's Hotel, and having been a sufferer for nine years with catarrh, disease of the kidneys and general nervous prostration, I sought relief. He has only given me two treatments and I am pleased to say my catarrh is much better, my nervous prostration relieved and my head clear. My strength has returned and every unpleasant symptom is gone. I sleep good and feel that I am on the highway to perfect health

A. J. COLE.

MORE EVIDENCE.

TOLEDO, O., April 9, 1892.

Dr. H. Lester Kutchin.

My Dear Sir and Friend—Your two treatments seem to have entirely and perfectly cured my nervous prostration and disease of stomach and liver, and I see no necessity of returning for further treatment, and as I promised to either return or send you a certificate of my cure I enclose you a certificate, which you are at liberty to use as you think best to benefit suffering humanity. It was a fortunate thing that I was in Hillsdale and was led to call on you. Sincerely Yours, R. HENRY.

FRONTIER, Mich., April 20, 1892.

I take pleasure in furnishing a word of testimony in favor of Dr. H. Lester Kutchin. I was treated by him for disease of the stomach and kidneys and general nervous prostration, the result of overwork. I willingly state for the benefit of all sufferers that I am wonderfully benefited in every respect and recommend the doctor as an honest, upright man, and in every way worthy of confidence. I am acquainted with Mrs Kingsley and rejoice over her marvelous recovery.

REV. CHARLES CLANCY.

AN ESTIMABLE LADY RELIEVED.

I am glad to state that my wife, who has been suffering with Sciatic Rheumatism for the past eight years and has never received any benefit from medicine or doctors, has been greatly benefited by Dr. H. Lester Kutchin. Her pain is gone, she sleeps well and is altogether wonderfully improved. I commend Dr. K. as a pleasant Christian gentleman. REV. J. S. MANNING.

RHEUMATISM RELIEVED.

I have been a great sufferer with rheumatism for the past seven years. I was so lame that I couldn't comb my hair. Dr. H. Lester Kutchin cured me in one month. MRS. WM. WATT, Frontier.

THE DEAF HEAR.

I have been deaf for the past 16 years. Dr. H. Lester Kutchin, with only three treatments, has brought my hearing to me. WM. L. LORDS.

CAMDEN CENTER, Mich., May 14, 1892.

DR. KUTCHIN'S MARVELOUS CURE.

My daughter had St. Vitus dance. Her appetite was poor; she was restless and sleepless and tortured with nervous dyspepsia and frightful constipation of the bowels. We had the best doctors, but without any good results. We took her to Dr. H. Lester Kutchin. She is entirely cured. L. S. MICKLE.

READING, Mich., May 26, 1892.

CURED TO STAY CURED.

Last spring when I went to Dr. H. Lester Kutchin I had been given up to die. I had diabetes and disease of stomach for fifteen years. I was very thin in flesh and so weak that I could scarcely walk. After the first treatment I began to be better, but the croakers said after the doctor gets through his treatment you will be as bad as ever; but it was not true, for now after five months I am better than ever. I have gained almost 20 pounds in flesh and feel perfectly well. If you don't think Dr. Kutchin can cure the worst cases come and see me at No. 86 Bacon St., Hillsdale, Mich. MRS. A. BOOTH.

BEECHER CURED.

I was deaf for ten years in my right ear so that I could not hear the tick of a watch. I called on Dr. H. Lester Kutchin at Hillsdale, and with his new medicine and instruments and medical appliances, he has restored my hearing. I can now hear a watch without difficulty. My trouble was so manifest and my cure so positive that there is no room for mistake. Dr. Kutchin will not promise to do anything that he cannot accomplish.

NORTH ADAMS, Mich., Oct. 6, 1892. C. O. BEECHER.

WONDERFUL CURE.

I have had Sciatic Rheumatism for eleven years. In five days time Dr. Kutchin stopped all the pain and soreness. I have been treated by many physicians before, but never by one who could ever give me any relief. No medicine or treatment ever did me any good before. I most cordially and emphatically recommend the doctor as the greatest physician in this country. C. J. MCCRILLES.

MUNSON, Mich., Oct. 24, 1892.

THE DEAF HEAR.

PIONEER, O., April 18, 1892.

I have been very deaf for the past five years and have been treated by several noted doctors in Ohio and Michigan, but without the least benefit. Seeing the advertisement of Dr. H. Lester Kutchin, I determined to go and see him. He put some medicine into my ears. At that time I could not hear a watch tick although pressed against my ear. Now I am happy to find that I can hear without difficulty the ticking of a watch and ordinary conversation as well. I advise the deaf who are in my former condition to call on the doctor and be cured.

MICHAEL NETZ.

☞ **Let the afflicted remember that DR. H. LESTER KUTCHIN visits this county regularly every month for the convenience and benefit of his patients. He can be consulted FREE OF CHARGE in his private parlors at the**

Hotel Conrad, Massillon, Ohio, Friday, Dec 1. Consultation, examination and advice free. Return visits made every 28 days

ADDRESS ALL LETTERS TO DR. H. LESTER KUTCHIN, COLUMBUS, O.

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®
NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

HE STARTS FOR CHICAGO.

ANOTHER STEP FORWARD IN THE LIBRARY MOVEMENT.

The Fund Started Last Tuesday Reaches the Required Limit in the Time Stated—Something About Library Work in the Past—Dr. Pease's Handsome Offer.

It is with no little satisfaction that the announcement is made of Dr. A. P. L. Pease's departure for Chicago Saturday evening, formally commissioned as the agent of the Massillon Free Library Association to procure such World's Fair exhibits for the Massillon institution as he may be able to obtain upon the terms suggested in Mr. Dunn's recent letter. If unsuccessful in his mission Dr. Pease will return immediately; if his efforts meet the anticipated results he will remain as long as he can be of service. Whether the enterprise succeeds or fails, it is certainly worth the slight trouble and expense involved, and is a step in the right direction. Too much credit cannot be given to Dr. Kirchhofer for his indefatigable labors, without which there is no telling what the issue might have been. While the amount asked for has been obtained, it is none too much for the object in view. It must be remembered that the expenses of the mission in Chicago will include boxing, cartage, freight and probably other incidentals not now in mind Should there be any surplus it will be deposited to the credit of the Massillon Free Library Association.

THE FREE LIBRARY ASSOCIATION.

The determination to send Dr. A. P. L. Pease to Chicago to secure donations to the public library of the future is a reminder that several years ago the first steps were taken to organize an institution, the actual progress, however, being limited to the securing of a large and well written charter, to which is attached a particularly large and red official seal. The records show that on January 1st, 1887, Salmon Hunt, Frank L. Baldwin, Clement Russell, Robert W. McCaughey, Joseph Coleman, John G. Warwick, Edward Kachler, A. T. Skinner, and C. M. Russell, as incorporators associated themselves in accordance with the laws of the state. The corporation was called "the Massillon Free Library Association." The capital stock of $25,000 was to be divided into 5,000 shares of $5.00 each, to be used in defraying the expense of the library, and purchase of books. The citizens named signed the articles of agreement, acknowledged their signatures, obtained the aforesaid charter with the large red seal, and there the matter was allowed to rest. Some people think it has rested long enough.

On the Death of Ella Weidner.

At the regular meeting of the New man Baptist Sunday school, held Sunday, Oct. 29, the following resolutions were adopted:

Whereas, It has pleased God to remove from our midst our beloved friend, Ella Weidner, who died at her respective home at Newman, Oct. 23, 1893, further

Resolved. That the members of the Sunday school extend their sympathy to all her sorrowing relatives and friends, and may God in His own good time make the entire family an unbroken band in the heavenly land, where grief and sorrow never come; further

Resolved, That we drape our Sunday school in mourning for thirty days as a token of respect, and that a copy of these resolutions be sent to THE MASSILLON INDEPENDENT for publication, a copy to be sent to the bereaved parents and friend, and also to be copied upon the minutes By order of committee.

An Iron Jawed Youth.

Massillon possesses a youthful Sandow. The young strong man is an 18-year old son of George Rees, a wagon maker doing business in Plum street. This noon, this young man of iron jaws, who is rather short in stature and of not very great physique, went into C. E. Oberlin's hardware store and tying one end of a half inch rope around a blacksmith anvil weighing 160 pounds, gripped the other end between his teeth and lifted the heavy weight over a foot from the floor without touching it with his hands or any other part of his body. The feat was performed without apparent effort and there was no knot in the rope to prevent it from slipping.

Killed in California.

H. M. Eaton, of Pittsburg, formerly employed as night operator at the Ft. Wayne station in this city, was shot and killed Wednesday night at Davisville, Cal, by an unknown assassin. His mother and sister live at Verona, Pa. His body was shipped to Aurora Ill., for burial. There is no positive clue to the murderer, but Chas. Dodge, whose sister worked in the office with Eaton, gave himself up to the sheriff, saying he had got into trouble. It is supposed that he did the shooting, but he refuses to talk.

Only Two Years.

A clerk in a local dry goods store tells a story about her experience with a customer not long since. The customer was a woman who lives several miles south of town, and coming into the store one day she approached the young woman behind the counter and said: "I bought a cloak here about two years ago. I never liked the style of it very well, and came in to see if you wouldn't exchange it for another one." No exchange was made that day.

A Question and an Answer.

MR. EDITOR—What is the meaning of the phrase, "The State of Ohio, ss.?"

The "ss" stands for the Latin word *scilicet*, meaning to wit, or, that is to say. It is abbreviated either to "sc" or "ss," more frequently the latter.—[ED.

The Governor's Salary.

MR. EDITOR—What is the annual salary of Governor McKinley? ***

Eight thousand dollars.—[ED.

ELECTRICITY AND THE CANALS.

Engineer Perkins Believes That a New Era Has Dawned.

Mr. Charles E. Perkins, chief engineer of the state board of public works, has returned from New York, where he had gone as the representative of Ohio to witness an official test of the application of electricity to canal boats. In the near future, he believes, electricity will be adopted upon the canals of this state, and will revolutionize the now sluggish traffic upon these water ways. Speaking of the operations of the electric current, as applied to the canal boats, Mr. Perkins said:

"The boat used for the test was fitted with the old dishpan propeller. This, as I am informed, is not nearly as efficient as the present style of tug wheel used on new canal steamers, but with all this disadvantage, and the fact that the electrical appliances were hurriedly put together, the test was perfectly satisfactory.

"It was pronounced a success by all who witnessed it, and the belief is general among those who witnessed it that its adoption for inland navigation is only a question of time. The boat was equipped with two motors, of the Standard Street Railway make, placed in the stern and attached directly to the shaft of the propeller by the same gearing employed on street cars. Each motor was of twenty five horse power

"The double trolley was used, being also of the street railway equipment in style, and this was the cause of the only trouble experienced during the trip. This can be easily remedied by the use of an automatic reel, with flexible wire, which will allow the boat to swing from one side of the canal to the other, a device which I think has already been patented. The one important question still unsolved, in the use of electrical power on canal boats, is its comparative cost, which must be determined by further tests. The electrical companies have expended about $30,000 in testing the efficiency of electricity as applied to canal navigation, and it remains for the electrican, the boat builder and the civil engineer to do the rest, and I have no doubt that the favorable results of their labors to that end will be surprising even to the friends of the canal system"

MR. HICKS IS ON HAND

WITH A CHOICE ASSORTMENT OF DECEMBER WEATHER.

The St. Louis Prophet Announces a Cold Month—There will be an Occasional Mild Period, and Frequently Recurring low Waves—Timely Words of Warning.

The Rev. Irl Hicks is on hand with December forecast, and this is what he says: December comes in on a central day of a regular storm period, we are to expect very active disturbances between the first and the fourth. It will grow very warm as the storm conditions develop and move eastward. Heavy easterly gales from the Atlantic will blow into the low area as it advances from the west. A sudden and a severe cold wave will rush in behind the storms, and by the end of the period—say the 4th to the 6th—the whole country will feel a touch of the wintry blast. It will be prudent to prepare against possible blizzards northward, during the storms of this period. About the 7th and 8th, the cold will moderate, and another storm development will appear in the west and move to the east. The center of this disturbance will hinge on the 8th, or within fifteen hours of the time of the new moon. Great cold is almost sure to follow.

About the 12th renewed storms of rain and snow will advance across the country from west to east during the 12th and 16th. The storms will not clear the continent until after the moon's first quarter on the 16th, but colder, clearing weather will dominate the north and west long before it is felt among the Atlantic The "weather train" at this and all other periods will pass all stations from west to east on about schedule time, but storms will not be prevailing all the way at the same time—neither will the cold. All sections will get "their portion in due season." The center of reactionary disturbances next after this period will be on and touching the 18th and 19th, about which dates it will turn warmer.

The storm period beginning about the 22d and reaching to the 26th, promises many winter storms and many sections will have their supplies of "Christmas snow" greatly replenished during the progress of these storms. The full moon is on the 22d and will hasten the crisis early in the period. The Arctic wave following the storms will have brought very cold weather to much of the country by the night of the 26th. The equinox of mercury is central with the full moon on the 22d, which fact is almost a guarantee that heavy sleet will be a characteristic feature of the period Men of the wires take notice! Prepare for great cold after the storms. About the 29th and 30th will fall a reaction to warmer, and the month is apt to close with reactionary storms well to the east, with rising barometer and colder, clearing weather in sight in the north and west.

Judge Simpson

Of the superior court writes: From mental exhaustion my nervous system became shattered, and I was utterly unable to sleep nights. Sulphur Bitters cured me, and my sleep is now sound, sweet and refreshing.

Rheumatism Cured in a Day

"Mystic Cure" for Rheumatism and Neuralgia, radically cures in 1 to 3 days. Its action upon the system is remarkable and mysterious. It removes at once the cause and the disease immediately disappears. The first dose grately benefits, 75c. Sold by Morganthaler & Heister's druggist, Massillon O.

Pimples on the

Face cured. Sulphur Bitters will cure the worst case of skin disease; from a common pimple on she face to that awful disease scrofula, it is the best medicine to use in all cases of such stubborn and deep seated disease. Do not delay; use Sulphur Bitters and drive the humor from your blood.

Plenty of wild ducks are reported at Turkeyfoot lake.

LONG ENGAGEMENTS.

THE COUNTESS NORRAIKOW'S ADVICE TO YOUNG WOMEN.

Most Deplorable of All Matrimonial Conclusions—Result of the Rule of Women In the Household—Hasty Engagements. Increase of "Bachelor Girls."

[Copyright, 1893, by American Press Association.]

SO MANY unhappy marriages have resulted from short engagements that a few words, carrying with them the wisdom of experience, may not come amiss. The most deplorable of all matrimonial conclusions is the marriage of a miss in her teens. She is, in all respects, little more than a child with all a child's conceit in the extent of her powers. Such marriages must of necessity be the result of short engagements. How much wiser it would be if the youth and maiden would consent to a prolongation of the engagement beyond the first feverish heat of love! A young couple becoming engaged on three weeks' or a month's acquaintance should, if the parents be wise, continue so at least a year.

Sober common sense should govern every action of our lives, particularly the linking together of two young hearts. Haste under any condition is a serious factor, and it is especially so in forming the relationship above named. The youth of 21 or 23 years and the maiden of 17 or 18 cannot possibly have formed habits which will characterize their after lives. Youth is the season of change, and the gawky lad just merging into manhood stands ready to be made or marred.

The same rule holds good in the young girl's case. The union of two tender lives not yet expanded may mean in the near future a pulling apart. It were well if girls would consent to remain single until they had passed at least their twentieth birthday; while the average young man, by the time he had reached 26 or 27, would find that his ideas of life had greatly enlarged from the callow period. In such cases engagements not extending beyond one year are desirable, for by a few meetings each can tell whether he or she is suited to the other.

Where the law of primogeniture obtains, as in England, the younger sons are oftimes relegated to such a position that they are not permitted to display much force of character. As a rule, young men of this latter stamp make fairly good husbands, from the fact that the wife becomes the presiding genius of the household. Permit a woman to rule, and peace will reign. It is when two rulers hold sway in one domain that the times become out of joint.

A sensible mother will early instill into her daughter's mind the necessity of making a wise choice of a mate with whom to walk through life. Girls brought up under such jurisdiction seldom marry before they have reached an age at which they may be said to know their own minds. With them the marriage agreement is not hastily entered into, and the heart is only yielded up after mature deliberation and the promise of an engagement extending over such a period as to permit both parties to become thoroughly acquainted.

Life is not entirely like the summer sea—composed of roseate hues. It is more often like the surface of old ocean, on which storms and sunshine follow in quick succession. The test of love lies in its endurance, and only well balanced minds come out unscarred from life's battle. In the heyday of life its twilight is obscured, and it is the ability to meet both which cements the marriage tie. In these rapidly progressive times, when people rush headlong through life, too little attention is paid to this most holy of rites. It would seem that even the necessity for its existence were in a measure passing away. Men and women, instead of forming conjugal unions, are arrayed against each other in individual efforts to secure a living. And so the battle surges on.

The spirit of the times creates a compulsory independence, and woman in all things considers herself the equal of man. This, in many respects, is not to be doubted, and indeed in certain fields she is his superior. The man, nevertheless, yet stands king, for in this busy world might still makes right and the battle is to the strong. Thus in certain walks of life it is only occasionally that woman rises to man's dignity. It is these exceptional cases that are held up as laudable and worthy of emulation. Where man, the king, can be counted as tens of thousands strong, the greatest woman appears as but a beacon light to the members of her sex.

What we want in this busy workyday life of ours is that we stand side by side with man—not seeking favors on the score of womanhood, but determined to rise or fall on our merits alone. Special training is required to fit us for such a task, and the young woman who while still almost a child enters the matrimonial state finds that the ties of home and family bind her more closely than the tire of the wagon's wheel encircles the spokes. Properly to prepare a woman for a life's work as a breadwinner, however, requires years of study on her part. This possibly accounts for the late marriages among this class.

It sometimes happens also that lo engagements become a matter of necessity rather than of choice, for while the affinity may be strong the pockets often are weak. Occasionally such agreements continue for so many years that death carries off one of the parties, and the remaining member plods his or her weary way alone.

Life is at best but a dream, and a feverish one at that. It is composed of hills and valleys with intermittent sunshine. The lives of the rich can be made no criterion for the poor. The lovemaking of the one is totally different from that of the other. Wealth gains privileges and concessions which the lack of it debars. The rich girl, when she meets what she supposes to be her alter ego, does not stop to probe beneath the surface and bring to light the man's innate characteristics. This with her ceases to become a necessity and she looks only to the dashing manners and gay repartee of her polished suitor. Marriages among this class, therefore, are often hastily entered into and repented of at leisure.

The young girl of poor but no less respectable parents is forced to view the matter in a different light. Having little or no money of her own, she must perforce look into the character of the man into whose keeping she contemplates committing herself. In such instances engagements extending over one, two or even three years are to be commended, from the fact that each should be made a character study by the other. Time alone can enable them to arrive at genuine results.

One condition which leads to hasty engagements is the so called "love at first sight." This rarely happens outside the experiences of very young people and is usually anything but a tribute to their wisdom or powers of discrimination. A pleasant word, a bow, a smile—and the heart is lost. Perhaps after a very short acquaintance the couple will become engaged, and this is quickly followed by marriage. To one of experience all this seems very absurd and is the acme of man's and woman's foolishness. One hears men so often say, "What a charming girl my wife was when I first met her; but, alas, how changed she is now!" And what is the reason for this metamorphosis? Simply that the glamour of infatuation has worn off, and the natural attributes of the life are laid bare. This is generally more apparent in the woman's case, for the man's outside calling tends to hide many of his disagreeable proclivities. Woman's sphere is the home, and if she shines not there it is useless to look beyond.

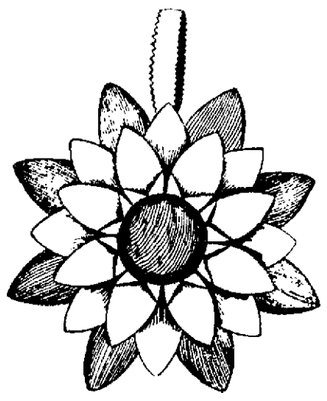
I am sorry to say that in most cases the wife's path is one of retrogression, while the husband steadily wends his footsteps forward to progress. The woman is not to blame for this, for man has made the condition for her, and oftimes he steadily enforces it until the spirit that would otherwise soar is at length subdued and made a willing subject. It is possible that if the young couple had taken time to study each other's character this sad conclusion might not have been reached. It is not denied that sensible people may form a mutual liking at first sight, but that is something very different from love.

The women of America, as a rule, are noted for their practical common sense, and they take pride in doing what most conduces to their personal welfare. The hasty engagement and marriage are practiced only by the younger members of society, while to the matured mind deliberation in such matters is considered absolutely necessary. It would seem that, from the rapid rate at which "bachelor girls" are coming to the fore, the young men will ere long have to look to their laurels. With this new contingent in the field, the average man will be left but little choice in his amatory aspirations. In all probability the coming man will find himself solitary and alone, while she whom fate had destined to be his mate usurps, pro bono publico, the once dominant place he held.

Countess Norraikow.

Sunflower Pincushion.

This pincushion is made of felting and velvet. Eight petal shaped pieces of olive felting, three inches long, are sewed on a circle of the same color two and a half inches in diameter; over these are fastened eight similar petals of yellow felting a size smaller, so arranged that the yellow and olive points alternate; a second row of still smaller yellow petals is placed over the first, with the two lower corners of each petal folded over to give a quilled appearance. The middle is covered



by a small, round black or brown velvet cushion with soft stuffing, which is marked near the edge by two bands of fine yellow embroidery chenille, tacked on with sewing silk. The sunflower is suspended by a narrow loop of yellow felting, pinked on the edges. The same idea may be carried out in white felting, cut in narrower petals, with a yellow cushion, to represent a daisy. These flowers are convenient to hang beside a man's dressing case, here a more elaborate pincushion ild be in the way.

KATE CHASE.

SPECIAL TREATMENT FREE

The Famous Stackhouse Medical Institute Permanently Established in Canton, Ohio.

Unreserved and Generous Offer Made by Dr. Stackhouse And His Medical Associates.

They Will Treat and Supply With Medicine Absolutely Without Charge All Who Apply Within One Week, Introducing the Advanced Method of Special Treatment

DR URBINE STACKHOUSE.

Dr. Urbine Stackhouse, Dr. Charles Henry Mason and their medical associates have opened in the Saxton block, cornor Market and Eighth streets, Canton, O, a permanent medical institute.

To introduce to the citizens of Stark and neighboring counties the famous Stackhouse system of special treatment for all curable chronic diseases. Drs. Stacknouse and Mason make the following offer which will remain in full force and effect from Wednesday, November 22d to Wednesday, November 29th.

For one week from November 22d, all who apply to them will be given the benefit of a consultation with these physicians, and a careful examination without cost; given all services of the Institute free, and administered the successful Stackhouse special treatment and furnished with all medicines and counsel absolutely without charge.

This offer is simply, plainly and directly stated. It means all that it says and nothing more. It means that no money will be accepted for either consultation, examination, services, treatment, medicines or counsel during the period of one week as announced above. It should not be regarded as an offer of charity, but a genuine business proposition made in good faith. It is the plan adopted by these physicians to give immediate, substantial and undeniable proofs of their skill and success.

It is an offer made to the public, and rich and poor are equally welcome to take advantage of it.

The Physicians Themselves.

Record and Credentials of Drs. Stackhouse and Mason.

Dr. Urbine Stackhouse, originator of the advanced method of treatment known to the profession and public as the Stackhouse system; and founder of the Stackhouse Medical Institute, with branches in fifteen large cities in the United States is a graduate of the medical college of Indiana, where he was valedictorian of his class. He has been house physician of the City Hospital of Indianapolis, Indiana. He was a student of the New York Polyclinic and other New York institutions devoted to the higher branches of medicine. His treatise on "Catarrh and Allied Diseases," is the recognized authority of many physicians prominent in general and special practice. Dr Stackhouse is licensed to practice medicine in twelve states and in most of the great cities of the Union. His diploma bears the written endorsement of Jeggerson Medical College of Philadelphia

Dr. Charles Henry Mason who is established with Dr Stackhouse is his practice in this city has had 17 years of general and special practice in Europe and America and has achieved such success in the treatment of difficult cases as to give him a prominent place among the medical authorities of our time. During 1882 and 1883 Dr. Mason devoted his time to practice in the great hospitals of Europe. He is now an active member of the American Association of Expert Specialists, a society that admits to membership only those physicians in Europe and America who have distinguished themselves as specialists.

DR. CHARLES HENRY MASON.

Stackhouse Medical Institute.

DR. URBINE STACKHOUSE,
DR. CHARLES HENRY MASON.

Successful specialists in the Treatment of Catarrh, Asthma, Diseases of the Eye, Ear Nose, Throat and Lungs; Nervous Diseases Blood and Skin Diseases, Chronic Diseases.

Permanently located in the
SAXTON BLOCK, ROOMS 2 & 3
Corner Market and Eighth Streets.
(Entrance on either street.)
CANTON, OHIO.

Office Hours—9 a. m. to 12 m., 2 to 4 and 7 to 8 p. m.; Sunday 10 to 12 only

COLEMAN,

THE RELIABLE JEWELER,

HAS AN IMMENSE STOCK OF

OPTICAL GOODS,

Spectacles and Eye-Glasses in Gold, Silver, Steel, Rubber Shell and Zylomite Frames.

WE CAN SUIT YOU

Prices Lower than the Lowest

Diamonds, Watches, Silverware, Jewelry, Clocks, Gold Pens Musical Instruments, Etc.

COLEMAN'S 5 Erie Street

THE FARM LEDGER

The publishers have secured at great expense

A Premium for its Country Readers

Which will be given to every new subscriber and to every old subscriber who renews with extra cost. The premium is a Farm Ledger designed especially for this purpose.

It Contains a time book, and is so ruled and provided with printed directions as to enable every farmer to keep his accounts in business-like form, and to know at the end of six or twelve months just where he stands.

The price of this Ledger is one dollar.

It cannot be obtained by itself for less than that sum.

The price of The Weekly Independent is also one dollar

The publishers give both for the price of one, when taken together.

THE INDEPENDENT CO
MASSILLON, O.

HARDWARE

S. A. Conrad & Co

MAIN STREET, MASSILLON,

dealers in Foreign and Domestic

HARDWARE

Consisting of a fine selectio of

COACH TRIMMINGS,
SADDLERY,
CUTELRY

with a large stock of

Scythes, Forks, Hay-Hooks

Paints, Glass, Etc.

The Best

Oldest and Largest Commercial and Shorthand School in the West is the Spencerian Business College, 422 Superior st., Cleveland, O. Established in 1848. This institution has prepared 32 000 young men and women for useful and successful lives. New building superior teachers, and unequaled course of study. Elegant catalogue free, by addressing SPENCER, TELTON & TOOTHS

THE CLEVELAND
Shorthand
COLLEGE.

ALFRED DAY, - - - - - - Principal.

Only college in Northern Ohio devoted exclusively to Shorthand and Typewriting. Circulars mailed.

The Cleveland Shorthand College Co. 64-66 Euclid Av.

Everything -:- Ready

For you now in Winter Goods,

TAILORING,

Clothing and Furnishing Goods

Cheaper than any store in Stark county.

GIVE US A CALL.

HOOKWAY & FOLTZ

22 ast Main St. Massillon O

NEWSPAPER ARCHIVE®

THE INDEPENDENT.

WEEKLY FOUNDED IN 1864.
DAILY FOUNDED IN 1887.

THE INDEPENDENT COMPANY,
INDEPENDENT BUILDING,
18 North Erie St., - - Massillon, O.

Telephone No. 60.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1893.

In a great many cities the relief societies have prevailed upon the public school management to urge the children to bring to school one potato each. The aggregate is something surprising, and is distributed where it can do most good.

The death of the old Mennonite preacher in his pulpit, near Dalton, on Sunday, was not devoid of a dramatic climax. "What is man that thou art mindful of him, and the son of man that thou visiteth him," he read from the sacred book, and then fell dead.

The generous tender of one thousand dollars' worth of curiosities and specimens by Dr. Pease, as soon as there shall be a public building to receive them, is one that should be acted upon Would it not be well for the Massillon Free Library Association to get its blood in circulation, to the extent of taking care of these matters, and with a view to carrying out the original library plan, at the earliest practicable moment?

The death of Marshal Thomas Hagan this morning is a shock to the city. Mr. Hagan was unusually clever in many lines of criminal work, and given a larger field, would have made his mark as a detective. He was young, companionable and accommodating. The newspaper men especially, will remember him as one who was ever willing to extend them every opportunity to secure information consistent with his official duties.

If any of the new Democratic post masters have a mind to do a little revolutionizing on their own account they should first read of the fate of ex Postmaster Frank Thomas, of Topeka Mr. Thomas cut and slashed to a great extent some few months ago. He charged the Republican carriers and officials with incompetency and all sorts of wickedness. Finally, in the language of the New York Sun, "the Muse of History held the phonograph while Mr, Bissell used strong Tartarian speech 'They seem to be raising hell out there all the time about that fellow Thomas. What the devil is the matter with him?'" The sequel of this sad story is that Thomas is out, and Andrew Jackson Arnold holds his place

A reliable firm, under the date of November 24, thus state, one phase of the business situation: Exports since the season began, November 1, have fallen off. For the week before last they were 12,356,000 pounds, against 19 542,000 pounds a year previous. The aggregate exports for ten months ending November 1, were 678,296,282 pounds against 973,796,618 in 1892 The southern demand has also fallen off. The receipts of larger hogs have been more liberal than anticipated; at packing centres the price of hogs is now down to that of a year ago. The production of lard and ribs now equals demand. Some barrel pork in being made in excess of consumption. Speculation is about as much in the May product as any other month. We see no reason to fear short sales on firm spots for May delivery. Packing to date 730,000 hogs, against 810,000 hogs last season.

INGERSOLL ON IMMORTALITY.

Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll is quoted as saying: "I have never said that perhaps before I die I will say in public that I believe in immortality. I have nothing to conceal on that question. I have always been perfectly frank and have given the transcript of my heart and brain. I do not say that death ends all, neither do I say that man is immortal. I say that I do not know. To know is one thing, to believe is another, and to hope still another. I hope for all good, for all joy for the children of men. All I can say about immortality is this: There was a time when I was not, after that I was, now I am, and it may be that it is no more wonderful that I shall continue forever now that I have a start, than it was that I should begin. We love, and those we love die, and we cling to the hope, to the wish, that we may meet again. Love was the first to dream of immortality, and as long as we love we shall hope.

THE LAW OF ENGAGEMENTS.

The New York courts have been busily engaged of late in dealing with the subject of implied engagements to marry. The result of the investigation is a reiteration of the legal doctrine that express promise or formal language is not required to constitute a contract to marry. In a breach of promise suit reported from Chenango county it was found that the plaintiff met the defendant in 1885. He paid her some slight attentions for two years. Thereafter his devotions became somewhat pronounced, and he frequented her parlor, remaining until 10 or 11 o'clock. It appears that he was said to have stated he was going with her "to see how big a fool he could make of her" He denied this reported utterance and said: "If I live I will make you happy." There never was an explicit declaration. The jury held that there was an implied engagement existing between the two, and awarded her a verdict of $3,000, which has been affirmed by the higher courts of New York. The whole subject has been reduced to terms in the following language by Judge Church: "If the conduct and declarations of the parties clearly indicate that they regard themselves as engaged, it is not material by what means they have arrived at that state."

JOHN L. STEVENS IN HAWAII.

The revelations in detail of ex-Minister John L Stevens, on the scandal of the late Hawaiian monarchy are almost too revolting for publication. His introduction gives some hint of the disgusting particulars:

"In September, 1889, I first saw the Hawaiian Islands. I had not been long in Honolulu when I perceived how thoroughly an American city it is, and how predominating are American interests in all the islands of the group I found an intelligent body of citizens, of European and American origin, sharing the good will of many native Hawaiians, supporting a semi barbaric monarchy resting on no solid or normal foundation, dead in everything but its vices, coarsely luxurious in its tastes and wishes, constantly sending out impure exhalations and spreading social and political demoralization throughout the islands The semi heathen and grossly spurious government mechanism, called the Hawaiian monarchy, was being chiefly supported by the taxes and toleration of those who could have no sincere loyalty to it. That such a barbaric and absurd counterfeit in the name of government and law was so long endured, is a striking proof of the self control and forbearance of the responsible citizens of Hawaii."

The un-American administration proposes to reinstate the detestable Liliuokalani.

THE BLOW TO GLASS.

The tariff bill is out of confinement at last All the great industries of the country have been struck between the eyes. The staggering local blow is aimed at our glass industry. The present duty on the bottles we make in Massillon is 1¼ cent per pound. The proposed duty is 30 per cent. ad valorem. Reduced to plainer terms, the present duty amounts to $2 per gross of quart bottles; the proposed duty amounts to 75 cents on the same.

The Belgian manufacturer can land his bottles for $2.50 per gross, in New York, without the tariff. Add 75 cents of duty to that and you have $3 25. It costs Reed & Co. just $1.59 per gross to get those bottles blown. Therefore, to meet the Belgians on level ground, Reed & Co. must do one of three things: Get cost of material interest on plant, profits and so on out of 91 cents; cut the price of labor, or shut down. The first of the three alternatives is out of the question, and the other two are equally unpleasant to contemplate.

There is no politics in these figures. It isn't possible to juggle with them The whole case is plain as daylight. If the Wilson bill passes without modification the glass industry of Massillon will be all but ruined

Democratic men and brethren, how do you like the prospect?

A PHILOSOPHER'S WARNING

Frederic Harrison, one of the bright minds of the present time, has written an article on the uses of rich men in a republic. This is one of the suggestive passages:

The great problem which the next century will have seriously to take in hand and finally solve is this: Are rich men likely to prove of any real social use—or will it be better for society to abolish the institution? I see many ways in which they can be of use, and I earnestly invite them to convince the public of this before it is too late The day may come when the world will have agreed to abolish rich men altogether as an obsolete institution. And certainly no anarchist or communist is working so desperately to hurry on that day as are the rich men themselves. During the whole of antiquity the entire art education of the people and their amusements, spectacles and luxuries, were provided for them freely by the wealthy. During the whole of the Mediæval period, vast resources were spent for the public benefit in the way of churches, religious offerings, ecclesiastical and academic endowment The cathedrals, minsters, churches were the gifts of the rich, and were themselves free museums, galleries of art, musical halls and even theatres When the Mediæval world ended, much was done of the same kind, but in less noble and munificent ways, by the kings, princesses, courtiers and grandees In our age the possessors of hereditary wealth are mostly inclined to spend it on themselves and their personal friends.

DR PEASE IN CHICAGO.

Dr. Pease has certainly lost no time in Chicago. He reached there Sunday morning, and already the following personal letter has been received from him:

CHICAGO, Nov. 26.—Mr. Dunn and I went out to the park this morning just to look around and went into the Washington state building, where we found everything had been set aside or packed for the Columbian museum but a number of sacks filled with ores were on the floor and had not yet been tied up. An official gave us permission to take a specimen or two from each sack, so that we thus got two sacks full of splendid specimens of gold, silver, copper, tin, lead and iron ore. So much less for the Columbian museum, but more for the Massillon Library Association.

I was introduced to a number of officials, who have promised to aid me as much as they can, but all say the thing ought to have been undertaken a few weeks earlier. I am aware that we want books and curiosities more than we do ores, but I think it well enough to take them at this stage of the game. I am impatient for tomorrow and what it may bring forth

The grounds and buildings so lately teeming with life are deserted. We saw one group of Esquimaux along one of the lagoons, dressed in gaudily colored garments, watching a few skaters showing their skill. Quite a number of Japanese were clustered about their building on the wooded island, waiting to have a group taken by an artist who was arranging his camera. We walked across the lagoon on the ice, and found it firm and strong

All the buildings are unchanged, so far as external appearance is concerned. The Ferris wheel looms up as of yore, in a state of chronic idleness. A few Columbian guards saunter drearily about From all this you will see that only the ghost of the great exposition lingers about the once enchanted spot.

Yours truly,
A. PER LEE PEASE.

AFTER THAT INSTRUMENT.

Figures in the Most Popular Teacher's Piano Contest.

The vote in the most popular teacher's piano contest, stood as follows at 1 o'clock:

Emma Kratsch	3837
Sister Josephine	3533
Miss Nan E. Wiseman	2875
Miss Brannan	2885
I. W. Oberlin	1910
Alice Young	347
A. B. Oberlin	245
Miss Cora Penberthy	206
Miss Dessie Graybill	145
Miss Alice Sweeny, Canton	108
Miss Mary Ellis	57
Nanetta Sprenger	28
Miss Nora Garver, Navarre	11
Mary Dressler	10
G. B. Eggert	7
Clara Stover, Canal Fulton	6
Mr Reed, Navarre	5
D. W Shetler, Justus,	4
Jane Ellis	4
Arietta Yost	3
J. E. McFarren, Justus,	3
Charles Shetler, Canton	2
Maggie Remmings	2
Miss Cook, Canton	2
A. L. Mayer, Sippo	2
Thos. Prildville, Canton	2
Enoch Stewart,	1
Miss Foulz, Navarre	1
Mr. Wetter, Navarre	1
H. A. Backderf, Canal Fulton	1
Edward Bowers	1
W. Howenstein, Beach City,	1
J. B. Fierstoe	1

CUT THIS OUT.

Fill the Blank With Your Favorite Teacher's Name.

The coupon below should be deposited in the ballot box located at the Bahney-Spalding Co.'s store, No. 20, East Main street:

ONE VOTE FOR

.....

THE INDEPENDENT'S most popular teacher contest. A Meuser & Co. piano to the winner. Polls close Friday, Dec. 22, at 12 o'clock, noon.

Prevention Is Better

Than cure, and those who are subject to rheumatism can prevent attacks by keeping the blood pure and free from the acid which causes the disease. You can rely upon Hood's Sarsaparilla as a remedy for rheumatism and catarrh, also for every form of scrofula, salt rheum, boils and other diseases caused by impure blood. It tones and vitalizes the whole system

Hood's Pills are easy and gentle in effect.

Are your children subject to croup? If so, you should never be without a bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. It is a certain cure for croup, and has never been known to fail. If given freely as soon as the croupy cough appears it will prevent the attack. It is the sole reliance with thousands of mothers who have croupy children, and never disappoints them The e is no danger in giving this remedy in large and frequent doses, as it contains nothing injurious. 50 cent bottls for sale by Morganthaler & Heister.

IMMENSE.

Thousands Flock To Its Standard.

It is customary in these latter days to express our perfect satisfaction with a thing by saying "It's immense!" It's so expansive that nothing can be added. Geo. L. Fink, Philadelphia, Pa., says, "My wife has been taking your New Cure for the Heart and says it is immense! She has not been troubled with pain or smothering spells since using it" John L Roberts, Slatington, Pa., says he is 75 years old, and has suffered from heart disease over 40 years Was treated without avail by prominent New York phisicians, grew constantly worse; took Dr. Miles New Heart Cure and was completely cured. Sold by Z. T. Baltzly on a guarantee.

Do You Raise Crops?

If you do, drop in and see THE INDEPENDENT'S Farm Ledger. Keep account of your time, oats, stock, wheat, and so on. It is a great work. Every farmer needs one. Price one dollar. But, by subscribing for the WEEKLY INDEPENDENT (either a new subscription or a renewal) you can get the Farm Ledger and the WEEKLY INDEPENDENT for one year for one dollar. Drop in and see this splendid premium. It is well designed for its purpose.

Rheumatism Cured in a Day

"Mystic Cure" for Rheumatism and Neuralgia, radically cures in 1 to 3 days. Its action upon the system is remarkable and mysterious. It removes at once the cause and the disease immediately disappears. The first dose grately benefits, 75c. Sold by Morganthaler & Heister's druggist, Massillon O.

The best medical authorities say the proper way to treat catarrh is to take a constitutional remedy like Hood's Sarsaparilla.

IT WILL BRING ONLY RUIN

THE LOCAL EFFECT OF THE WILSON TARIFF BILL.

President Arrington Shows How a Thirty Per Cent. Duty Will Affect the Manufacture of Glass Bottles—The Difference Must Come Out of the Pockets of Labor.

The new tariff bill, reported from Washington yesterday, reducing the duty on bottles of the kind manufactured in this city from one cent and a cent and a half a pound, according to size, to 30 per cent. ad valorem, hit the glass workers about town hard, and they are even yet in a half dazed condition. They didn't expect it. Mr. Arrington had assurances that the bottle schedule would not be touched, and while there was some local uneasiness, nobody thought that the committee would knock the underpinning of the industry completely out.

PRESIDENT ARRINGTON TALKS.

Louis Arrington, president of the National Green Glass Blowers' Association, was surprised when he learned of the action of the ways and means committee, but was at first disinclined to discuss the subject. "When I was last in Washington," said he, "I received assurances that the green glass schedule would not be altered, and my opinion is that the bill will not pass in its present shape. My views on this subject are all recorded in the hearings before the present ways and means committee, of which Congressman Wilson is chairman. I attempted to demonstrate that the reduction of the duty on green glass would not help the consumer, and two Democratic members of that committee admitted that they were convinced. Take Warner's Safe Cure, for instance. It is sold at retail for about $170 a gross and the bottles cost about $4 laid down in Rochester. Now divide that $4 among 144 bottles, and tell me whether that trifle, be it increased or reduced by 40, 50 or 100 per cent., will ever reach the consumer? Most certainly not. A reduction is simply so much money in pocket for the manufacturer of the medicines.

"The present specific duty on glass is equal to about $2.16 per gross on quarts. The European bottle can be laid down in New York for not over $3, and probably less. In fact it costs the European manufacturer only $1.70 per gross to produce his wares, and the added cost to the American purchaser is only freight, commissions and similar charges On the thirty per cent. ad valorem duty proposed by the Wilson bill, the German bottle can be delivered in New York for $3.90. The American bottle cannot be turned out anywhere in this country for less than $4 08 per gross and the average is higher than that. The inevitable consequence of such legislation does not need to be pointed out."

WHAT REED & CO. WILL DO.

"There is only one thing we can do," said Reed & Co. this afternoon, "and that is to fill existing contracts and then shut down until things are adjusted to the condition of things promised in the new bill. It is a knock out blow for the glass business."

OFFERS A GOLD MEDAL.

Captain Miller's Plan for Inspecting Company F.

Captain Miller, of Company F, will, on Wednesday evening of this week, inaugurate a new feature calculated to create a new interest in drill work among the members of the organization. He has purchased a gold medal of appropriate design, which he proposes to offer as a prize to be competed for by the members of his company every four weeks. The drills, the first of which will be held in the company's quarters tomorrow night, have already been termed "freeze outs," so called on account of their resemblance to the plan on which old fashioned spelling bees are conducted.

As many members as desire may compete in the drill and each one is called off the floor as soon as he makes a mistake. The man who remains up the longest is entitled to wear the medal until the next drill night. The boys of the company are manifesting a great deal of interest in the plan, and it will doubtless do much toward improving their proficiency in drill.

Married at St. Mary's.

The marriage of Thomas Hackett, of North Lawrence, and Miss Katie Welsh, of this city, took place at 8:30 o'clock Tuesday morning, at St. Mary's German Catholic church. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Jas. Kuhn and the bridal couple were accompanied to the altar by Miss Mary Welsh, sister of the bride, and John Hackett, brother of the groom. The bride was attired in white and wore the customary bridal veil. A reception will be tendered the young couple at the home of the bride's mother, Mrs. Margaret Welsh, in North street, at 4 o'clock this afternoon.

Reported Sale Denied.

In regard to a report that George L Russell had disposed of his stock in the corporation of Russell & Co. to J. W. McClymonds, the former said today: "You may deny that story There is no truth whatever in the report Yes, I have heard it but do not know how it originated." Mr. McClymonds was seen and he also denied knowing anything about the reported sale.

A Fight Between Giants.

Both desperate, both determined! The King of Medicines in contest with the King of Maladies! Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery against consumption! It is not the struggle of a day, but the first blows are the fatal blows! In its early stages consumption (which is lung scrofula) will yield to this great remedy! This has been proven beyond a doubt by innumerable successes Acting directly upon the blood, its scope includes all scrofulous affections, liver and lung diseases. As a blood purifier and vitalizer it stands unequalled.

ANOTHER MYSTERY.

A Reign of Terror Reported from Wayne County.

WOOSTER, Nov 28.—Another mysterious crime has been committed in Wayne county, which added to the recent sensational burglaries and shooting will tend to make the outside world believe that this county is made up of a population of desperadoes or infested by a gang of organized robbers and murderers. On Sunday morning the lifeless body of William Griffith, the wealthiest farmer in Clinton township, was found 200 feet from the house, two miles from Shreve, along the track of the Pittsburg, Ft. Wayne & Chicago railroad. He had been in Shreve on Saturday night and was seen to start up the track to his home, as had been his custom for years. His failure to get home did not alarm his family as he was in the custom of leaving his home and absenting himself without saying anything about it.

A large pocketbook and a small purse which he always carried were missing. The small purse containing $1 40 was found near a pool of blood where the body was found. The large book is missing. The family say that Mr. Griffith had about made all arrangements to go to California, where he expected to spend the winter, and they think that he had several hundred dollars on his person. Mr. Griffith although over seventy years old, was one of the active political workers. There has been so much crime here in the last few weeks that the citizens of the county, especially the farmers, are actually in a state of terror. Almost every person carries a revolver. So common has this become that a young man who attended a social at the Presbyterian church the other night, thought nothing of advertising the loss of his revolver, and that he had lost it at the church social. At another place, also a social, ten overcoats were examined, and in the rockets of each was found a revolver.

MRS. MARIA KORMAN.

The Death of a Woman Who Has Lived in Massillon Sixty-one Years.

With the death of Mrs. Maria Korman, which occurred on Sunday morning at 3:20 o'clock, one of the oldest residents of the city passed away. Mrs. Korman, whose maiden name was Maria Margaret Schriver, was born in Ottendorf, Germany, April 26, 1821, and came to Massillon with her parents sixty-one years ago. For the past forty-eight years she has resided at her home in Akron street. She was married to to the late Peter Korman in 1844, and five children were born to the couple Only one of them, Mrs. Margaret Albrecht, survives.

Mrs. Korman was a sister of Harmon Schriver, and of Mrs. Anna Snyder. Her grandchildren are Miss Clara Mad der, who resided with her, David Henry, Amelia, Annie, Emma and Flora Albrecht. Mrs Korman was a member of St, John's Evangelical church, and enjoyed the distinction of having been the first person confirmed in the old Evangelical church building, which stood on the site now occupied by the East street school house.

The cause of her death was heart trouble. She had enjoyed good health up to three years ago, when she suffered an attack of grip. From this she apparently recovered, but about eight months ago again became ill.

A New Kind of Grip.

Physicians say that the malady which probably for want of a better name, is termed grip, is again prevailing to a large extent in Massillon. Almost every family in town can furnish one or more cases, and the doctors are having all they can do to attend all the patients suffering from the epidemic. The symptoms are about the same as those observed in previous years, commencing with chills and fevers, succeeded by great weakness and often accompanied by colds. Some physicians maintain that the disease is infectious.

A Veteran's Death.

Jermiah Kemper, a soldier of the late war who lived in Massillon many years and who resided at the Soldiers' Home at Dayton for over ten years, died at that institution on Saturday. The body was brought to Massillon Monday and the funeral was held at 2 o'clock Tuesday afternoon from the home of John Berrar, in Washington avenue. Mr. Kemper was a carpenter by trade. He was a member of the G. A. R. and the I. O. O F., and both organizations will attend the funeral.

Advertised Letters.

List of letters remaining unclaimed in the postoffice at Massillon, November 28:

LADIES.

Adams, Mrs. W. A. McQuain, Mrs. Hannah
Heckerman, Mrs. Sarah
Wescusky, Miss. Jennie

MEN.

Green, T. W. Sheets, John
Kane, Patrick Walter, Conrad
Knoles, C. Willyard, F. D.
Rabjohns, Walter (2)

FOREIGN

Mrs. Johanna Klein, a born Montag.

Persons calling for the above letters will please say advertised.

CLEMENT RUSSELL, P. M

A Landslide.

Very Marked Results.

The term landslide usually conveys intelligence of disaster, whereby many are killed, but this time it is used to indicate the enormous sales of Dr. Miles' Restorative Nervine, a remedy that is daily saving the lives of thousands who are suffering from nervous disorders. It cures palpitation, nervous prostration, headache, backache, spinal diseases, hysteria, ill effects of spirits, confusion of mind, etc., and builds up the body surprisingly. Brown & Maybury, ortland, N. Y., say one patient used Nervine and gained fifteen pounds of flesh. Sold by Z. T. Baltzly, the druggist, on a guarantee. Get a book free.

Why not save your clothes by using the best, purest, most convenient soap, Dobbins' Electric. Made ever since 1865. Try it once you will use it always. Your grocer keeps it or will get it. Look for the name, Dobbins.

THE INDEPENDENT sets the pace.

COURT HOUSE AND CANTON

CANTON Nov. 25.—Thomas Burk, Alias Barrack, who was arrested yesterday for attempting to kill Mayor Cassidy who had sentenced him to thirty days in jail, will be given a hearing this afternoon. Burk came to this city about a year ago from Massillon where he was employed as an incandescent globe blower in the Massillon electrical works. Ever since he has made this city his home, the police have been greatly annoyed by him. Burk is a powerful man and when drunk would stop at nothing. Each time he is arrested it requires two or three officers to over power the man

Mayor Cassidy will deal severely with the old offender and he will not escape with less than three months.

MARK THOMPSON ASSIGNS.

Mark Thompson, a piano dealer in North Market street assigned this morning to John O. Mong. The assets real and personal are estimated at $8 000 and the liabilities will amount to about the same. The cause is attributed to poor collections.

CANTON, Nov. 27.—The case of Nettie E. Myers against Charles Henty Myers, petitioning for divorce, and against the C., C. & S. railway company to recover wages due her husband, was filed in the common pleas court today. Mrs Myers claims the defendant is guilty of extreme cruelty and gross neglect. The plaintiff besides praying for a divorce asks to be restored to her maiden name which was Nettie E Stokes.

Isaac Nolle, a saloon keeper who was arrested last Monday for keeping his place of business open on Sunday, was given a hearing before Mayor Cassidy this morning. He was arrested on a charge preferred by a party of Italians whom he had sued to collect a bar bill. The Italians withdrew their charge, Nolle paying all the costs.

Owing to the illness, of Judge McCarty, court will not be in session until Wednesday. The jury has been discharged until next Monday.

Joseph Laymiller's store in North Industry was burglarized last night Twenty dollars, a silver watch, an overcoat, vest and pair of pants were taken. Several policemen of this city were detailed to look up the case.

Marriage licenses have been granted to Frank D Brown and Elizabeth M. Beckbill, of Louisville, Jos. B. Walker and Jennie O. Charlton, of Alliance, and Willis C. Bisell and Cora Vail, of Canton.

REAL ESTATE TRANSFERS.

Massillon, third ward—William D Schneider to Mary E. Albrecht, 2 35 acres, $2,000

Tuscarawas township—Christ Snavely to B. F. Snavely, 35 25-110 acres, $2,800.

CANTON, Nov. 28.—William Lackey's grocery was entered by burglars last night. Considerable merchandise was stolen. This morning Cleveland Myers was arrested on suspicion.

A young man who lives near Congress lake and answers to the name of Grass, was severely cut with a knife in a fight near the C., C. & S. depot last night. Gross applied at the police station for treatment. His right ear was nearly severed from his head. No arrests have yet been made.

James Saint was appointed administrator of the estate of Peter Baum, of Marlboro township, this morning.

The will of Joseph Goepfert, of Bethlehem township, has been filed for probate.

Hadessa Krichbaum has been appointed guardian of Daniel Krichbaum, of Sugar Creek township

The December term of probate court will commence on December 11.

Judge McCarty is greatly improved, and the common pleas court will be in session tomorrow.

Marriage licenses have been granted to W. J. Wolf and Susie Steiner, and John Tierney and Ella Boyle, of Alliance; Thomas Hackett and Kate Welsh, and A. L Wilhelm and Clara I. Pershing, of Massillon; I. S. Hines and Laura M. Miller, of Canton.

Curt Davidson, the Alliance murderer, is some better today, but his recovery is not expected.

CANTON, Nov. 29.—The citizens meeting held last night to consider measures for suppressing vice and immorality, developed into a free for all wrangle between the Prohibitionists, who are in favor of closing the saloons in this city altogether, and citizens who are endeavoring to have the saloons closed at "a reasonable hour"

A member of the city council was questioned in regard to the matter today, and he stated that the council, as a body, were in favor of granting the citizens request, but he was of the opinion that the "reasonable hour" for closing would be fixed not earlier than 3 a. m.

Mrs. Susan Doll, mother of Sheriff elect Hiram Doll, died at her home in Osnaburg yesterday afternoon. The funeral will be held on Thursday at 10 a. m. Mrs. Doll was seventy years of age.

Marriage licenses have been granted to Samuel Sayers and Maria Yates of East Greenville; Joseph J Burger and Mary Albrecht, of Pigeon Run; Ernest McAllister and Nellie Quinlan, of Canton; Joseph Reitmeyer and Anna Cecilia Marks, of Massillon; Clarence E Whitmer and Amy C. Lewis, of Canton.

REAL ESTATE TRANSFERS

Massillon, first ward, state of Ohio to William Castleman, lots No. 866, 867, 868, $375.

William Castleman to Charles G. Stroble, lots No. 866, 867, 868, $375.

Massillon, fourth ward, Adam Volkmor to Warren E Russell, lot No. 233, $1 00.

Penny Wise and Pound Foolish.

The man or woman who does not support their own home paper can be properly classed as "penny wise and pound foolish." It bring, for instance, to your door opportunities for securing the best bargains in everything. If you want employment, then we assist you. That reminds us that the advertisement of B. F. Johnson & Co., Richmond, Va., in another column may prove of real interest and value to you.

DIED IN THE PULPIT.

A Startling Occurrence Near Dalton Sunday.

DALTON, Nov. 27.—Yesterday, while the Rev. Adam Kombaus was in the pulpit of the Menonite church, about three miles northwest of here, he fell dead. He had just opened the services by reading from the eighth Psalm, which reads as follows: "What is man that thou art mindful of him, and the son of man that thou visiteth him." He sat down and put his hand to his face and then fell forward to the floor on his face. The congregation at once carried him to the door, but in a few minutes life was extinct. Your correspondent visited the home of the deceased and learned that he was 65 years old and has served the past nine years in the ministry of the Menonite congregation, which is very large. He had been in his usual health yesterday and the death is attributed to paralysis, as he died almost instantly and never uttered a work after he read the words herein quoted. The death cast a gloom over the members of his congregation.

J. M. F.

A BLACK EYE FOR GLASS.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 27.—The new tariff on plain green and colored glassware is 30 per centum; cut, engraved, painted and colored glass, not looking-glass plates, 35 per centum; cut glass, bottles, decanters, 35 per centum ad valorem.

The present duty amounts to $2 per gross at 1c. per pound. The proposed duty of 30 per cent. ad valorem is equal to 75 cents per gross.

For Selling on Sunday.

The police officers kept a vigilant eye on the saloons Monday, and in the evening discovered that Benjamin Prosser, of Wooster street, had been selling liquor. Prosser appeared before the mayor next morning and was fined $10 and costs.

Electric Bitters.

This remedy is becoming so well known and so popular as to need no special mention. All who have used Electric Bitters sing the same song of praise.—A purer medicine does not exist and it is guaranteed to do all that is claimed. Electric Bitters will cure all diseases of the Liver and Kidneys, will remove Pimples, Boils, Salt Rheum and other affections caused by impure blood.—Will drive Malaria from the system and prevent as well as cure all Malaria fevers.— For cure of Headache, Constipation and Indigistion try Electric Bitters— Entire satisfacton guaranteed, or money refunded.—Price 50 cts. and $1.00 per bottle at Z. T. Baltzly's Drugstore.

PERSONAL—Bear in mind one thing, that if business, necessity or pleasure calls you away at any time, be particular to have your route fully decided and arranged upon before starting. Many things should be taken into consideration, especially the inducements offered by the Wisconsin Central Company to those who wish to visit St. Paul, Minneapolis, Ashland, West Superior, Duluth or any point in Wisconsin. Their trains leave Chicago at convenient hours Their equipment is unsurpassed by any line in the Northwest Close connections are made at St. Paul and Minneapolis with the various lines running to all California and Pacific coast points. Ask your nearest ticket agent for full information, and be particular to see that your tickets read via the Wisconsin Central lines. James C Pond, Gent Passenger Agent, Milwaukee, Wis

"Weak and Weeble."

A friend of mine had an odd way of mixing her words Perfectly unconscious of it, she would often make folks laugh. She would speak of feeling "feak and weeble," for weak and feeble, and "castor ill polls," for castor oil pills But she was weak and feeble until she took that powerful, invigorating tonic, "Favorite Prescription," which so wonderfully imparts strength to the whole system, and to the womb and its appendages in particular. For overworked women, run down women, and feeble women generally, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is unexualled. It is invaluable in allaying and subduing nervous excitability, irregularity, exhaustion, prostration, hysteria, spasms and other distressing, nervous symptoms, commonly attendant upon functional and organic diseases It induces refreshing sleep and relieves mental anxiety and despondency.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The Best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is gauranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by Z. T. Baltzly.

Holiday Excursions.

The Wheeling & Lake Erie offers special low rates for Thanksgiving: Selling November 29th and 30th, with limit for return passage including December 1st. For Christmas: Selling December 23d, 24 and 25th, with limit for return passage up to and including January 2d, 1894 For New Year's: Selling December 30th and 31st, 1893, and January 1st, 1894, with limit for return passage up to and including January 2d, 1894.

Excursions to California.

On account of the San Francisco Mid-Winter Fair, the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway Company will sell excursion tickets to San Francisco, St. Jose, Colton, Los Angeles and San Diego, Cal., and Portland, Ore., at reduced rates, good until April 1, 1894. For full particulars call on any coupon ticket agent or address John R. Pott, district passenger agent, 486 William St., Williamsport, Pa.

I feel it my duty to say a few words in regard to Ely's Cream Balm, and I do so entirely without solicitation. I have used it more or less half a year, and have found it to be most admirable I have suffered from catarrh of the worst kind ever since I was a little boy and I never hoped for cure, but Cream Balm seems to do even that. Many of my acquaintances have used it with excellent results.—Oscar Ostrum, 45 Warren Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

LOCAL HAPPENINGS.

Discovered this Week by Independent Investigators.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. John McCloskie, of Navarre, a son.

Mrs. Margaret Lape, of Akron street, is very ill.

Louis Pangburn, of Akron, is visiting friends in the city.

Nathan Klotz is confined to his home with an attack of the grip.

At the St. John's industrial school, on Saturday, 102 pupils were present

David Pritchard, of New Lisbon, is making one of his periodical visits to the city.

A patent upon a picket mill has been granted to M. J. and J. S. McIntosh of Massillon.

Miss Flora Barnhart returned on Sunday, after a visit of several months in Chicago.

Harmon Schriver is seriously ill. He ventured up town against the remonstrances of his family and became delerious when he returned.

A letter has been received from L H. Williams, department commander of Ohio, of the G. A. R, to the effect that he fears Canton will lose the encampment, owing to the recent quarrel.

Attorney Orlando Volkmor, of Canton, will, within a few days, move his office to Massillon, where he formerly resided Mr Volkmor is well liked in professional circles at the county seat and all regret to see him leave.

Massillon is all wrought up over athletics. Besides having a couple of foot ball teams to maul each other around, they are now arranging for a wrestling match and a boxing exhibition with black gloves —Canton Herald.

Messrs. James D. Parvin, Charles Linclenschmidt and William Harting, of Evansville, Ind, commissioners of Vianderburg county, are in the city today, inspecting some bridges that the Massillon Bridge Company is constructing for that county.

William Reinerts, through the law firm of Pease, Baldwin & Young, has sued the Massillon City Coal Company for $5,000 by reason of injuries sustained while employed as a miner on May 31, 1893 He claims the roof of the bank was not properly supported.

General I R Sherwood, who has been suffering from severe neuralgic troubles, superinduced by the shock to his nervous system sustained in the J. J. Clark assault last spring, has gone to Mt. Clemens, Mich, to try the mineral baths.—Canton News-Democrat.

A private letter conveys the information that James Ralston who moved from Massillon to San Francisco a few years ago, where he is engaged as a contractor and builder, recently fell from a scaffold thirty feet high, upon a pile of brick, and his recovery is very doubtful.

Miss Anna Schlinger, aged 15 years, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Michael Schlinger, of Columbus street, died at the home of her parents, on Sunday. The cause of death was heart trouble The funeral took place at St. Mary's German Catholic church, at 9:30 o'clock this morning, the Rev James Kuhn officiating.

The Methodist ladies will hold their bazar in the new church, Thursdsy and Friday of next week. Dinner and supper will be served both days, and a variety of useful and fancy articles will be on sale. Donations for the different booths will be gratefully received, and may be left at the home of Mrs J J. Diethenn any time before Thursday, Dec. 7.

Dr. T. C. Miller has resigned from the presidency of the board of education, and the meetings of that body will hereafter be held in some place other than Dr. Miller's office. The resignation was not prompted by any differences of any character and the intimation that the contrary is true, is denied by Dr. Miller and other members of the board.

A letter from Dr. Pease, says that the sacks of ores mentioned in his first letter are the only specimens he had actually obtained up to Tuesday. He has, however, promises of specimens of different sorts, from the New Caledonian, Russian, Austrian and French exhibits, and is still hopeful of success, although told everywhere that he is a few weeks too late

The council of Salem met in special session Saturday night and repealed the obnoxious ordinance limiting the speed of railroad trains to four miles per hour. This action was taken after deciding to accept the railroad company's proposition to employ a watchman at each of three crossings and place a gate at another if the council would repeal the ordinance

County Recorder Schuch, on Monday received for record a mortgage for $5,000,000, given by the Cleveland, Lorain & Wheeling Railway Company to the United States Mortgage Company, of New York. The document is the largest placed on the records during Mr Schuch's term of office The document is printed and covers thirty-eight pages of legal cap.—Wooster Republican.

A paragraph in Saturday's INDEPENDENT, among the news items from Newman, stated that the Drake Coal Company had leased certain of its coal lands in the vicinity of Newman to an Akron company Saturday morning W. K. L. Warwick was questioned in regard to the matter and denied the truth of the report, and it was through an oversight that the statement was allowed to get into type.

The presence of the Tuxedo Mandolin club at the Massillon Club, last night, made the evening thoroughly delightful. The club is composed of genuine artists, and their tinkling tuneful music has not been equalled in this city since the visit of the Mexican orchestra, some years ago. After an informal concert, dancing was in order, and the forty or more club people only regretted that others had not ventured out in spite of the unpleasant weather.

The Wooster Republican says: Wicked as well as wild was the talk that ran through the throng which gathered so quickly Thursday night on the rumor that the alleged assasin of W. A. Mackey would be brought in upon the next train. There need be no fear but speedy and stern justice will be meted out through the courts, so that such things as lynching will be a causeless blot upon the community that can not be got rid off in any way

A party of forty young people assembled at the home of Miss Ella Smith, in South East street, last night, and were delightfully entertained by the latter in honor of her twentieth birthday anniversary. The disagreeable night outside had no power over the pleasures within the Smith home, and the affair was one of the most successful of the season. Dancing, cards and music were the amusing features, and at 11 o'clock a delicious luncheon was served. Miss Zoe Garnhert, of Tiro, and Miss Louisa Straub, of Wooster, were present.

Newman.

Thos. L. Jones spent the past week in North Lawrence and Wooster on business.

No pay at the Forrest coal mine last Saturday and as usual no work since, this is a frequent occurance at the above mine, and why it is, is a mystry.

D. E. Rowlands lost a new pair of shoes at the mine while at work, last week, but a little detective work last Sunday recovered the shoes in good order.

Our Supervisor Casper Heinbuch, is completing his road improvements in a satisfactory manner.

Our brick works are running along, steady preparing a stock of brick for the spring opening.

All our coal mines are running about half time except North Massillon, which is running about one day a week.

The condition of William Archibald has improved since our last writing.

The grip or something similar is taking hold of a large number of our people in this vicinity, but so far no serious results

Canal Fulton.

W.G. Myers and wife celebrated their fiftieth wedding anniversary yesterday Many guests from here and surrounding towns were present. A big dinner. Many fine gifts and several speeches were pleasant features of the occasion. Judge Lewis, wife and daughter, of Medina county, Rev Struggles and wife, and Edison and George Earl and wife, of Massillon, were in attendance.

Mr Fulton is lying in a critical condition

Our young people are preparing to put upon the stage, in about two weeks, the drama, "Uncle Josh." That they will have a good house and give an enjoyable entertainment goes without saying, for their former plays are very well and pleasantly remembered by our people.

Wayne County Rewards.

DALTON, Nov. 29.—Although nearly three months have passed since the memorable night when a young lady of this place was brutally assaulted by villains while burglarizing her father's house, yet the interest in the case has not relaxed, and every effort possible is being put forth for the apprehension and capture of the perpetrators of this crime. To the $500 reward offered by the township trustees and city council, an additional $300 reward is offered by the county commissioners of this county. J. M. F.

In the Rigging Twenty-six Hours.

NEW YORK, Nov. 29 —The tug Merritt this morning rescued ten men, a woman and a boy from the schooner Louise Randall. They had been in the rigging twenty-six hours.

Will Be Declared Off

BETHLEHEM, Pa., Nov. 29 —President Wilbur is conferring with the arbitration board. Chairman Clark says that the strike will be declared off before night.

The Insurgents Leave Rio.

RIO JANEIRO, Nov. 29 —Mello's warships have left to intercept the Nitcheroy and America.

Helen Dauvray Divorced.

NEW YORK, Nov. 29 —Helen Dauvray was divorced this morning from John M. Ward.

Two Lives Saved.

Mrs Phoebe Thomas, of Junction City, Ill., was told by her doctor she had consumption and that there was no hope for her, but two bottles of Dr. King's New Discovery completely cured her and she says it saved her life. Mr. Thos. Eggers, 139 Florida street, San Francisco, suffered from a dreadful cold, approaching consumption, tried without result everything else then bought one bottle of Dr King's New Discovery and in two weeks was cured. He is naturally thankful It is such results of which these are samples, that prove the wonderful efficacy of this medicine in coughs and colds. Free trial bottles at Z T. Baltzly's drug store. Regular size 50c and $1 00

The Best Plaster.—Dampen a piece of flannel with Chamberlain's Pain Balm and bind it over the seat of pain. It is better than any plaster. When the lungs are sore such an application on the chest and another on the back, between the shoulder blades, will often prevent pneumonia. There is nothing so good for a lame back or a pain in the side. A sore throat can nearly always be cured in one night by applying a flannel bandage dampened with Pain Balm. 50 cent bottles for sale by Morganthaler & Heister.

Say, Mister!

Is it possible you are suffering from catarrh, and have not used Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy? All the terrible consequences of catarrh in the head may be averted if you'll but make the effort. You know too well its distressing symptoms You possibly know, if neglected, it invariably goes from bad to worse, and is likely to run into consumption and end in the grave. Here is a way of escape: Its makers are willing to take all the risk, and make a standing offer of $500 for an incurable case of this loathsome and dangerous disease You can get $500, or better—a cure!

Dyeing! Dyeing!

John F. Peter, the dyer, corner north Market and Fifth street, Canton.

MARSHAL HAGAN'S DEATH

THE UNEXPECTED DEATH OF MASSILLON'S WELL KNOWN OFFICIAL.

His Career First as an Officer and Then as Chief of the City Police Force—The Best Known Man in the Business in the Smaller Cities of Ohio.

The startling intelligence was spread on the streets at an early hour Wednesday of the death of Marshal Thomas Hagan at a few minutes before 4 o'clock in the morning. The event was sudden in the extreme. On Sunday the marshal was suffering from a cold and consulted his physician. He was able to attend to his regular duties on Monday but the next morning, after again visiting the physician, he experienced a chill and went to his home There he remained during the day. Late in the evening his condition became worse and he complained of severe headache. He was sleeping at 2 o'clock but there was an apparent change for the worse, which was noticed by Mrs. Hagan. Officer Wissmar was telephoned for and he remained at the bedside until death occurred. The marshal was quietly sleeping when the end came

About one year ago Mr. Hagan suffered a six weeks' attack of typhoid fever and has never been a thoroughly well man since.

HIS SHORT CAREER

Thomas Hagan was of Irish parentage, and was born in Franklin county, this state, January 12, 1855. When a young boy he accompanied his parents to Appleton, Wis At the age of 20 he returned to Ohio and settled in the vicinity of Massillon, where he worked in various coal mines in this district until his appointment as a member of the city police force by Mayor L O Cole in 1883 In the spring of 1889 the local Democratic party placed him in nomination for the office of city marshal against Adam Wendling, Republican Mr. Hagan was defeated, and in the spring of 1891 was again nominated, and defeated Adam Wendling. Last spring he again defeated Mr. Wendling for the same office.

Mr. Hagan's marriage to Miss Margaret Leahy took place on November 29, 1876, just seventeen years ago today. Six children were born to Mr. and Mrs. Hagan, namely, Howard, Jerome, Kitty, George, Mary, and Thomas, jr., all of whom, with their mother, are living.

The parents of the dead marshal also survive him, and are both residing in Appleton, Wis, both at the advanced age of 98 years. A brother also lives at the same place, and another brother is in California.

BIG HEARTED TOM HAGAN.

The dead marshal was so well known to everyone in Massillon that his death seems a public loss. He was popular as a man and officer and his friends loved to speak of him as "big hearted Tom. Hagan" His bravery was unquestioned. On more than one occasion, it has been put to the test and not found wanting, and incidents of his gallant conduct in times of danger have been related in the columns of this paper As a detective he has shown marked ability and not a few important arrests and prosecutions were due directly to his skillful work He was always courteous and pleasant and exercised discretion and caution in the prosecution of his duties.

The office of marshal is not always a pleasant one to fill, and it is one in which it is difficult to avoid making enemies, yet Thomas Hagan had friends innumerable and as few enemies as any official in the city.

Brought into close relation with him in professional work, the writer has always been treated with the utmost consideration and has learned to respect Marshal Hagan for his many good qualities and is impressed with a sense of gratitude for many acts of kindness which were so freely and ungrudgingly given.

THE FUNERAL SERVICES.

The funeral services will be held on Saturday, probably at 10 o'clock, in St. Joseph's English Catholic church, of which Mr. Hagan was a member He was also a member of Branch No 4 Catholic Mutual Benefit Association. The members of that body will attend as an organization, and the mayor, councilmen and other city officials will also be present.

AS TO A SUCCESSOR

City Solicitor Willison was asked today as to what the law says regarding the filling of the vacancy caused by the death of Marshal Hagan. He replied that there were two remedies. If, as in the present case, the vacancy occurs more than sixty days before the next municipal election, the mayor can, with the advice and consent of the council, appoint a person to fill the vacancy until the next municipal election; or, the council can order a special election and include in its order instructions to the mayor to give at least ten days' notice of such election.

THE FINANCIAL POLICY.

A Scheme for Carrying out the C., L. & W. Construction Plans.

The following is presented as the financial policy of the consolidated C., L & W. and C. & S. W. railroads: Under the old management, the securities of the C., L & W consisted of $1,000,000 common stock, and $4,600,000 preferred, making a total capital stock of $5,600,000 Under the consolidation the capital stock will be increased to $13,000 000 of which 80,000 shares are common and 50,000 preferred stock. The preferred stock will draw 5 per cent per annum out of the road's earnings.

The basis of exchange of stock is $100 of the preferred stock of the Cleveland & Southwestern for $80 of the new, and of the comon stock, three shares for one. The preferred stock of the C., L. & W. goes in share for share and the common stock at the rate of one for two in the new. Bonds for $5,000,000 will be issued to pay outstanding indebtedness, including redemption of the mortgage bonds of the old company. The balance will be used for the construction of the main line from Mallet creek into Cleveland There will still be left a goodly sum in the hands of the treasurer after this work is completed, which will be used in the general reconstruction of the entire system.

MRS. MARY A. STOVER

Her Death Occurs at Noon Tuesday, in Massillon.

Mrs. Mary A. Stover died at ten minutes before 12 Tuesday noon, at her home in Sippo street. The funeral will be held from St. Joseph's English Catholic church, on Friday morning, at 9 o'clock. Mrs Stover would have been 81 years old had she lived until the nineteenth of next February. Her maiden name was Kellenberger and she was born in Emmittsburg, Md She was the widow of Andrew Stover, who died many years ago, and was a sister of Mrs. John Shepley.

Of Mrs. Stover's five children Miss Frances Stover is the only one now in the city. She resided with her mother, Mr Stover was an estimable lady, and was known and respected by all of the older residents of the city.

A THANKSGIVING DINNER.

HOW TO PREPARE THE FEAST OF FEASTS.

The First Thanksgiving Festival — The Glorious Bird of the Republic—The Proper Trimmings and How to Make Them. An Article to Cut Out and Keep.

BY MRS. CARRIE Z BAYLISS.

The first Thanksgiving festival was celebrated many hundred years ago. The scene was of such surpassing pastoral beauty that only the brush of the great artist might do it fitting justice It was in the far away land of Syria. Grand mountains stood sentinel; hill sides clad with the vine and fig tree, with fertile valley and winding stream below Stretching out on all sides were meadows and fields, and in the distance gleamed the waters of the deep, blue sea. This was the promised land, the "happy land of Canaan, flowing with milk and honey" Gigantic preparations were made for this feast called the Feast of the Tabernacles, for it lasted eight days and was participated in by thousands of people It was held in the fall of the year, when all the fruits of the land were gathered in. There were casks of wine and refined oil, green herbs, bins of corn, both green and ripe; there were great baskets of leavened bread and wafers, and grapes, figs and olives galore; fishes of the sea and fowls of the air; the stalled ox, and lambs without a blemish, all ready to be slaughtered. They served the feast in booths covered with green boughs of trees, trailing vines and palms. It was the Israelitish people who were participating in this great convocation. Fleeing from the oppression of Pharaoh, they were pursued by him and his armies into the very jaws of death—the Red sea. Miraculously reaching the opposite shore, they rested a few days, and then passed on to the holy land. This they reached in time, and after getting established, they were keeping this thanksgiving feast, when the year's toil was ended and they had gathered in the fruits of their labor. A grand ritual was prepared for this festival, including much singing in responsive choruses

Later the Greeks held a nine days' feast at the end of the harvest, in which they permitted their slaves to take part, also criminals. Then the old Romans held a somewhat similar feast in honor of Ceres, the goddess of grain Still later the Saxons and English had their harvest home, and then the pilgrims brought the custom over with them in that good ship, Mayflower The first Thanksgiving festival ever held in our own loved land marked an era in its history. Having, through much tribulation, become established in the promised land, hope, that perennial flower, sprung up again in their soul only to be blighted by a most cruel blast. In 1623 the pilgrims ran out of food and the gaunt spectre, famine, stalked through the land. There was great suffering, desolation and death When hope was darkest a good ship, loaded with provisions, arrived in port. Then sorrow was turned into joy and rejoicing, and a great Thanksgiving feast followed. The feast was participated in by a large band of friendly Indians, headed by the great chief, Massasoit himself, bringing with them gifts of game and birds

Thereafter, for many long years, it is probable that the day was observed by individual families, in the New England states But its observance was in no wise general, until many years later. It seems that James Madison issued the first Presidential proclamation on the subject, in 1815, in honor of the return of peace. Forty eight long years passed before President Lincoln issued the second one, in 1863 Since then every President has followed the custom, and the day is nationally observed at last

And now, old time with his flight, has sped away with another year and brought us again to the eve of our great festival, and turkey rules the day. Indeed there is not a housekeeper in the whole length and breadth of the land who would think for a moment they could celebrate—minus a turkey or two. There is good reason for this favoritism, not only on account of the superior excellence of the meat, but is it not here the stately bird treads his native heath? And nothing will ever replace it on the American dinner table

It is meet then, that for the time, its purchase and preparation claim our best effort. In selecting a turkey the unfailing rule for testing the age is the breast bone, which when soft and yielding to the touch is young beyond a doubt, and when hard and brittle is old beyond a doubt. If you are the possessor of an old turkey for your feast, you may make the best of the situation in the following way: Early in the morning of the day on which it is to be roasted, put the bird in a boiler, cover it with water and boil until tender; then remove and dry with a soft towel the inside and fill with a dressing made in the following way: For a turkey weighing nine pounds crumb up a ten cent loaf of baker's bread not less than one day old; in a deep, hot skillet put half a cup of butter, and when melted turn in the bread and season with salt, pepper, powdered sage, or any herb to suit the taste; now brown the the dressing delicately, turning it over and over in the hot skillet with a cooking spoon; this done, add one large beaten egg, moisten well with water, cover and let steam a few seconds before filling; an excellent oyster dressing is made in the same way, only omitting the sage and adding a pint of fine oysters, well picked over Now fill the turkey, sew up both openings and tie down the wings and legs; put the turkey in a common baking or dripping pan, the bottom of which has been greased with good sweet lard to prevent sticking and burning; season with salt dredge with flour, and half fill the pan with the broth in which the turkey was boiled; baste every ten minutes with the pan gravy; be sure to have the oven hot, when the turkey goes in, so it will brown nicely; only forty five minutes are required to finish the turkey as it has already been cooked

Before making gravy, skim off superfluous grease, and be sure there are no lumps in the thickening of flour and water, the heart, liver and gizzard should be chopped fine and added to the gravy

To roast a young turkey requires from two and one half to three hours To roast in a brick oven the basting should be done every fifteen minutes, water being used in place of the broth; if the turkey is not fat, a lump of butter should be put in the pan; when the bird is slightly browned cover it with a pan until nearly done, then remove to finish browning

These remarks with regard to the roasting of a turkey, and those which follow, may seem a trifle trite to those who know all about them, but I find there is a large number of inexperienced people who are glad for such help. The above directions apply to the roasting of a duck or goose, only the inevitable sage and onions must be added to the dressing.

A nice dish for Thanksgiving is an old fashioned oyster pie; make a crust same as ordinary pie crust, only adding to the flour two tea spoons of baking powder, to one quart of flour, before puting in the shortening. Line a pan two inches deep with the paste. Rub together a generous lump of butter, and as much flour as it will take up Pick over carefully the oysters, which should be fine, put in a layer of the oysters, then a layer of the butter and flour, season with salt and pepper, alternate in this way until the pan is full. If the last layer is of the oyster and you have used all the paste or butter, dredge the top with a little flour, pour in a little fresh milk, put on a top crust a little thicker than ordinary pie, press the edges well together, and bake in a hot oven three quarters of an hour. It must be watched carefully while baking.

Onions are considered a suitable vegetable for a Thanksgiving dinner, and here is a good way to serve them: Peel, and boil in salt water till tender, medium sized white onions, then remove to a baking dish, which has been buttered, sprinkle each one thickly with finely rolled crackers, put a piece of butter on each, and place the dish in a brisk oven to brown delicately, which will require half an hour. Serve with a cream sauce on individual plates, make sauce by heating good cream, seasoning with salt and pepper and thickening slightly with flour and water, or in the absence of cream use boiled milk —seasoned and thickened a little—and add a lump of butter

When browning sweet potatoes that have been boiled until tender in salt water and sliced in good thick slices, be sure to add a big cooking spoonful of butter and sprinkle thickly with sugar When brown, pour over half a cup of water, cover and allow to simmer a short time before serving.

To relieve the enjoyment occasioned by eating turkey and its concomitants, I know nothing better than a salad, or a lemon sherbet, here is an excellent recipe for the sherbet: Boil one quart of new milk, with the rind of a lemon and one pound of loaf sugar, when cold strain and put in the freezer and half freeze, then have ready the juice of five lemons, with a little sugar, add the whites of three eggs beaten to a stiff froth, stir all in the freezer and freeze hard. Brandy cheese is easily made and is nice to serve between courses. Grate good rich cheese and reduce to a paste, add a little good brandy, mix well and make into little pats or balls

Baked bananas will be found to be very nice Peel the bananas, cut in half lengthwise, lay in a buttered baking dish, sprinkle thickly with sugar, lay pieces of butter over all, dredge lightly with flour, add a little water and bake in a moderate oven until brown and rich.

If it is desired to serve fish as a first course at dinner, here is a nice way to prepare it: Clean a plump fish and cut it in half, by splitting it lengthwise; cut gashes across about one and one-half inches apart; salt and place in a buttered pan; put thin slices of pork in the gashes, dredge with flour and cover the bottom of the pan with water and bake; baste every fifteen minutes. The water must be renewed during baking once, then add a small piece of butter It will require half an hour to bake. Serve with cream sauce, made the same as the cream sauce for baked onions, only adding two or three hard boiled eggs, chopped fine.

Then mince or pumpkin pie should always accompany the Thanksgiving dinner

And the whole topped off by that crowning glory, a cup of nectar, made of equal parts Mocha and Java, clear and beautiful as amber, and as sweet smelling as the odors of Araby the blest

Thirteen Were Killed.

MILAN, Nov. 29.—Thirteen were killed in a wreck of the Venice express today.

Every-Day Economy.

One rounded teaspoonful of Cleveland's Superior Baking Powder does better work than a heaping teaspoonful of any other. Cleveland's is wholesome, ravens best and *leavens most.*

Fine Horses for Massillon.

J. J. Baumgartner, of Chicago, an owner of noted blooded horses, arrived in the city this morning, having made a shipment of three animals to Dr. D. K. Roebuck, of Dalton. The shipment included Era, a bay stallion, with a record of 2:27¼, bred by Col. R. P. Pepper, South Elkhorn farm, Frankfort, Ky. Era is a half brother to the famous stallion, Alcolyte, owned by J. S Coxey, Grand Era, a 2-year old, and Miss Neatwood, by Neatwood. Dr. Roebuck has purchased the three superb animals, which will be placed on his stock farm near Dalton. The horses were accompanied on the trip by Harry Stoneback, one of the best jockeys in the state of Illinois. Mr. Baumgartner will ship five or six blooded horses to Massillon at some future date.

Settled Out of Court.

The case of Isadore Mayer against Rudolph Sprankle for damages in the sum of $110, on account of the latter's hogs having trespassed on the plaintiff's land, damaging corn and killing a colt, was to have come up in Justice Paul's court this morning, but a satisfactory settlement was effected out of court.

Removal

We announce that after this date Parks' Sure Cure will remove all traces of Rheumatism, Kidney trouble or Liver complaint from the user. It is today the only medicine that is guaranteed to cure these diseases. For sale by Morganthales & Heister.

For Over Fifty Years

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. 25 cents a bottle.

HEALTH IN OLD AGE.

Edward Collinson, Queens, N. Y, says:

I commenced using Brandreth's Pills over fifty-five years ago. I first bought them in London and have continued using them since I came to this country in 1836 I am now over 75 years old, hale and hearty, and attribute my wonderful health to Brandreth's Pills. Occasionally I have a bad cold or severe attack of rheumatism, indigestion or biliousness, but four or five doses of Brandreth's Pills always cure me. Whenever my children have been sick with scarlet fever, measles, acid stomach, disordered digestion or costiveness, a few doses of Brandreth's Pills restored their strength at once.

Is Your Tongue Coated,

Your throat dry, and do you feel mean generally when you get up in the morning? Your liver and kidneys are not doing their duty. Why don't you take Parks' Sure Cure. If it does not make you feel better it costs you nothing. only guaranteed cure. For sale by Morganthaler & Heister.

Mr. W. M. Terry, who has been in the drug business at Elkton, Ky., for the past twelve years, says: "Chamberlain's Cough Remedy gives better satisfaction than any other cough medicine I have ever sold." There is good reason for this. No other will cure a cold so quickly; no other is so certain a preventive and cure for croup; no other affords so much relief in cases of whooping cough. For sale by Morganthaler & Heister.

Elegant line of wool and cashmere hose 25c. Spangler & Co.

Hood's Cures

Even When Called Incurable

Terrible Seige—Sciatic Rheumatism

Mr. Arthur Simon
Of Galatea, Ohio.

"They said I was **incurable**, the doctors did, but the result has proven that Hood's Sarsaparilla was **able to cure.** I had Sciatic Rheumatism and was confined to my bed six months. Three physicians did not help me and

I Was Given Up to Die

When I was in this terrible condition, **unable to move hand or foot,** I began to take Hood's Sarsaparilla The first bottle had a little effect, and while taking the second, I gained so rapidly that I could sit up in my chair. My system had been so run down by other medicine, that it took me quite a while to recuperate. By the time I had taken four bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla **I could walk around,** and now, as I have taken six bottles, **I am cured** and can do a good day's work. I do not feel I can praise

Hood's Sarsaparilla

enough." ARTHUR SIMON, Galatea, Ohio.

HOOD'S PILLS are the best after-dinner Pills, assist digestion, cure headache. Try a box.

Hood's Remedies are for sale by S. S. Craig.

Awarded Highest Honors—World's Fair

DR. PRICE'S CREAM BAKING POWDER

MOST PERFECT MADE.

A pure Grape Cream of Tartar Powder. Free from Ammonia, Alum or any other adulterant.

40 YEARS THE STANDARD.

—SEE—

HIGERD'S

New Furniture Room

Southwest Corner Tremont and Erie, Opposite Hotel Sailer.

Undertaking in all its Branches.

The Brown Lumber Co.,

—DEALERS IN—

Lumber, Shingles, Lath;

SASH, DOORS and BLINDS.

Manufacturers of Cigar Boxes,

Yard and Mill South Erie Street,

MASSILLON, O.

We Meet and Unpersell Any Prices Offered in Hats

AND FURNISHING GOODS.

The Finest Line of Hats, Finest line of Winter Caps, Holiday Neckwear, Suspenders, Gloves, Mittens, Kerchiefs, Night Shirts, Dress Shirts, Hosiery, Silk Hose Supports, Underwear, Silk Umdrellas, Mackintoshes and Rubber Goods. A lot of 50 dozen or more Working Shirts, Slightly Soiled by Smoke Sold now regardless of cost.

SPANGLER & CO., Hatters, 4 E. Main.

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®
NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

Out of the Jaws of Death

By FRANK BARRETT.

[Copyright, 1893, by Cassell & Co. and published by special arrangement.]

[CONTINUED.]

I returned to the front room to listen again for Taras' footstep. At rare intervals my ear caught an approaching sound, and my heart rose with hopeful anticipation, to sink lower than ever when the step became sufficiently audible for me to distinguish that it was not my friend's. As the minutes dragged on my anxiety increased. It occurred to me that Kavanagh's hint referred to some personal attack which he had reason to believe would be made upon Taras in the house that night, an attack which Mere Lucas was to facilitate by admitting her accomplices when he slept. It might have been agreed that in the event of his going out the attack should be postponed, in view of the uncertainty with regard to the hour of his return. That would account for Mere Lucas' present inactive attitude.

After waiting a little while another supposition suggested itself. What if the scene of attack had simply been shifted by Taras going out? I had heard rumors of persons being robbed on the embankment and thrown into the river. Taras had an infatuation for the embankment, which might be known to his watchful enemies. They might waylay him at some point between Westminster bridge and Lambeth and "silence" him in that expeditious way.

At that moment Big Ben chimed the three-quarters past 10. I strained my ears to catch some other sound, but none breaking the intense silence I resolved to end my intolerable suspense by going out to find Taras.

I slipped off my shoes and ran silently up stairs. From my room I took a small hat and a dark blue ulster, shut the door, and having assured myself by the sound of Mere Lucas' peaceful breathing that there was certainly no danger in leaving her I descended to the living room and in a couple of minutes completed my preparation.

Not a soul was in sight when I looked out. With the key I had taken from the kitchen I closed the door carefully and then sped off on my strange mission. The Albert embankment was deserted but for a poor wretch asleep under the wall of the hospital. It struck 11 as I crossed Westminster bridge. Keeping the north side I hastened along the Victoria embankment, eagerly scanning every figure that came within my range of vision, turned up Villiers street and thence on to the Adelphi terrace. A brougham stood before an open door. The driver was doing something to the horse's bit. No one else was to be seen on the terrace. I saw him stop to look at me, but as I drew nearer he turned his face and busied himself again with the harness. On the fanlight of the door was written, "Grandison Chambers." It was there that Gordon had his rooms. I stopped, asking myself what I should do now.

The brisk walk had dissipated that part of my anxiety which was due to morbid imagination. It was on my mind to ask the driver of the brougham if he had seen any one leave the house when he cast his eyes around and gave me another furtive look.

He was a peculiar looking man, gaunt and ungainly, with deep sunk eyes and hollow cheeks, and the sidelong glance under his beetling brows was so suspicious and uncanny that in my nervous, hesitating mood I could not summon resolution to question him. I walked toward the end of the terrace to settle what course I should take, but before I had gone a dozen yards from the door I turned round, impatient of my indecision, with the resolve to speak to the man. Some one had just come from the open door and stood now looking down the terrace in the opposite direction. He turned his head sharply and looked toward me.

It was not Taras. I saw that at the first glance, but the next instant I perceived that it was Kavanagh. I knew him by his slight, erect, military looking figure, his close fitting coat and the correct hat drawn low over his brows. He must have seen me and might have recognized me, for I stood under the light of a lamp, but as if from indifference or polite discretion he took no further notice of me, but sauntered to the driver of the brougham, spoke a few words to him, inaudible to me at that distance, and then sauntered back into the house.

His presence reassured me, and I was glad that I had neither gone up to Gordon's rooms nor spoken to the driver. Obviously he had dropped in and prolonged the visit of Taras. Nevertheless I could not make up my mind to go back to Lambeth yet. I turned again and walked on to the end of the terrace, where the railings at the corner of Adam street screened me, and there I waited.

Very soon afterward Taras came out with Gordon and Kavanagh. They stood chatting for a few minutes; then they shook hands, Kavanagh stepped into the brougham, and Gordon strolled off with Taras in the direction of Villiers street.

The brougham passed me at the corner of Adam street, and the driver cast another furtive glance at me, but Kavanagh was occupied in lighting a cigarette.

CHAPTER XVIII.

AN OLD ENEMY.

I made my way down to the embankment and hurried along on the less open side till I caught sight of Gordon and Taras strolling some distance in advance on the other side of the road. Then I relaxed my pace, still keeping them in sight until they reached Lambeth and went into our house together.

He stood in a listening attitude.

Taras had obviously returned for fear his absence might alarm me, and his genial companion, having accompanied him so far, had turned in to finish the night over a last pipe. With a little hesitation I drew near the house, and hearing their voices in the front room I quietly opened the front door, entered, shut the door as silently and then slipped unheard up to my room.

"I'm glad you didn't sit up for me last night," said Taras when we met in the morning. "Kavanagh dropped in with some startling news from the house"—he held some official post there—"and I staid out a couple of hours later than I intended."

Kavanagh called in the course of the afternoon. He asked if Taras was at home, but instead of going directly up to the workshop he came in to see me. After exchanging the customary civilities in his ordinary tone of voice he raised his finger with a significant glance, crossed the room and opened the door softly, but with such celerity that had Mere Lucas been eavesdropping he would certainly have discovered her. He stood in a listening attitude for a few seconds; then closing the door noiselessly he returned to his seat with a shrug and a look of vexation in his face.

"Nothing has happened?" he asked as he seated himself near me.

"Nothing—to him."

"To any one else?" he asked sharply.

"Nothing of any importance."

"Mere Lucas betrayed no signs of irritation when he went out last night?"

I shook my head.

"She was just the same as she always is—just. If there had been any difference, I must have seen it."

"She did not go down stairs in the night, you think?"

"After Taras went up I put my door wide open and kept a light burning all night. No one could pass my door without my knowing it."

"Your vigilance may have warned her. On the other hand"— He broke off, and nursing his knee sank his chin in his hand, knitting his brows in thought. Suddenly raising his head and turning to me, he said:

"I am afraid I must confess to having been fooled. I am still more afraid that I have done Mere Lucas a great injustice. You have a far better knowledge of her character than I. Do you think her capable of deceit and trickery—of conspiring at the ruin of her master?"

"No, that I don't. I believe she's as good as any one."

"I'm sincerely glad to hear you say so. It seemed unlikely to me; that is why I felt it necessary to say nothing on the subject to Taras."

"He'd never have believed you."

"That was another reason for saying nothing till I had absolute facts to support my suspicion. You have not said a word to him or her either, I hope, with respect to my communication?"

"No, not a word. But how about that friend you spoke of?"

"Ah! there again I believe I was all at fault. I believe she is no more a conspirator than poor old Mere Lucas herself. I find she is a cook at a restaurant in Greek street, and so of course she is not at liberty to come here and see Mere Lucas."

He looked terribly vexed as he admitted this. "Do you know a man named Matveef?" he asked abruptly.

"I think I've heard the name, but I don't know him."

"He's one of the poor beggars who come to sponge on Taras. It was he who put this precious nonsense into my head. The fact is, the lower class of nihilists are like a set of starving dogs—jealous of each other and ready to snap at any one who seems a little better off than the rest. It is natural that they should envy the old woman her comfortable position here, but it simply proves what a treacherous, faithless lot they are when one can circulate such slanders as this. I fear I have made you very anxious. I hope you will forgive me. For the sake of Taras, whose life is so dear to us, and of such enormous importance to the welfare of his country, one cannot afford to turn a deaf ear to any hint at such a time as this, when real peril exists."

"That's all right. I feel just like that. Don't you mind telling me anything. I'd rather know it than not if it makes me ever so frightened. Besides it makes you feel so light hearted and happy to find it isn't true that you can't be vexed by what's past."

"You cannot have better philosophy or better feeling than that," said he, shaking my hand kindly as he rose.

The feeling of relief, now that I had no longer any serious reason to regard Mere Lucas with mistrust or look for the development of some sinister design, afforded me such happiness that I almost forgot the existence of danger, and when Taras about a week later told me that he should not return probably till 2 or 3 o'clock from the smoking concert to which he had been invited I bade him good night when he went out after dinner without any feeling of alarm.

That afternoon my dressmaker had sent to say that the dress she was making for me would be ready to try on in the evening. Nothing could have happened more opportunely, for I intended to take Taras by surprise with this beautiful velvet, and here was the very chance I needed of getting the important work of fitting done without his knowing anything about it.

The moment he was gone I ran to my room, dressed, and telling Mere Lucas where I was going—for she was in the secret—I started off for Kennington road, where my dressmaker lived.

It was between 8 and 9. At that time Lambeth road is deserted. Heavy rain had fallen in the afternoon, and such sounds as there were seemed particularly clear. The rattle of a train over the railway bridge, a whistle from a tug on the river behind me, were noticeable by their distinctness; my own footsteps as I hurried along made quite a clatter on the wet pavement.

Struck by this fact, I presently fancied I could hear an echo to my footfall. Was it that or some one following? To satisfy the idle doubt I glanced back. Just within sight a man was following. There was nothing in that to call for particular attention, but when I had gone another hundred yards or so the echoing sound arrested my wandering thoughts and I glanced round again. The man's figure was there exactly at the same distance. It was odd that both should be walking in one direction at a precisely similar pace. For the next hundred yards I walked slower, but the following step came no nearer, and when I turned the man's figure appeared to be just as far off as before.

It was unpleasant even to fancy that my steps were dogged, and I turned the corner of Lambeth road sharp with the determination to go on at a still quicker pace now that I was out of the man's sight, but the whistle of a tram suggested a still better means of avoiding annoyance, and I stopped with the determination to ride the remaining distance.

Just at I stepped into the car the man came running round the corner from the Lambeth road, and as I took my seat he sprang on to the footboard. As he passed the door to go up the steps the light from within fell on his face. There was no mistaking the yellow complexion, the sparse black beard and high cheek bones nor the sunk head and high shoulders.

It was Drigo!

CHAPTER XIX.

DRIGO.

I got out of the tram at my dressmaker's. The car moved on, but glancing after it I perceived the man hastily descending. He must have waited till he saw me step out on to the pavement, and I could only hope, as I slipped into the house and hastily closed the door, that he had lost sight of me in getting down from the car.

With the terrors of going home alone before me I found little pleasure in trying on my dress and discussing the matter with my dressmaker, but I lingered till she had nothing more to say and I could invent no pretext for staying longer.

I looked around eagerly when we went to the door, and to my great relief saw no one who looked like Drigo. I concluded that he had lost sight of me or gone off on a wrong scent.

"It rains a little. May I lend you an umbrella?" asked the dressmaker.

"No, I think I will wait for a tram," said I, "that will take me home to my door," and when the car came in sight I bade her "good night" and ran down to stop it. As I stepped in my heart quaked, for I saw the man I dreaded come out from the shadow of the wall, and before I had found a seat I heard his foot grating on the steps outside.

It was a Westminster car—not, as I had hoped, one that would take me to Lambeth. To avoid the terrible stretch of deserted street I went on as far as Hercules buildings. That gave me a little start, for until he saw me get out my pursuer could not tell which turning I should take. Glancing up, I saw Drigo's hideous face peering over the railing to discover who was alighting, and the moment he recognized me he began to scuttle down the steps.

I ran without stopping till I reached the tavern at the Lambeth road end of the buildings, thinking in my weakness that I would seek protection if he was on my heels rather than venture alone on that last strip of deserted road. I had made up my mind now that the enemy of Taras had resolved to put me out of the way as a preliminary to attacking him and had given the job to this villain. But he was still at some distance—just near enough to keep me in sight, no more. It would be absurd to ask for protection from a man so far off, I said to myself, and ashamed of my cowardice I again took to my heels. He might have overtaken me in a few minutes, and there was no one to prevent him strangling me in the open road had he chosen, but he came no nearer. Whether I ran or whether I walked, whenever I turned, he seemed to be precisely at the same distance from me—just near enough to keep in sight—no nearer, and as I stood panting at the door waiting for Mere Lucas to let me in I perceived him standing motionless by the lamppost at the corner of Lambeth palace.

Concealing my trepidation from Mere Lucas as well as I could, I hurried up to my room and there tried to find an explanation of this strange pursuit. As I grew calmer and my thoughts more collected one fact became more and more evident. Drigo would not have suffered me to escape in this way had his designs been directed against me. His spirit of revenge would not have rested content with giving me a scare. And as he had not taken advantage of this opportunity to injure me it was scarcely credible that he would make any further attempt in that direction.

"Probably," I said, going to the window to reassure myself, "seeing that I have come in and am not likely to go out again tonight, he has gone away."

But looking out under the window blind I discovered him standing on the embankment over against the bridge nearly opposite the house. What did that mean? A solution of the mystery began to dawn upon me as soon as I perceived that the man had been posted here to watch my movements and quickly took the definite form of conviction. An attack was to be made, not on me, as I had foolishly imagined in my fright, but upon Taras. He was to be waylaid on his return by the gang, who had detached Drigo to prevent me communicating any suspicion of their design to him. But a week before I had watched outside Grandison chambers and followed Taras home. That fact might very well be known to the secret enemy, who seemed to be acquainted with every movement of Taras and clearly explained the object in setting an outpost to watch me. As I recalled this incident the figure of the man who drove Kavanagh's brougham came before my mind, and I saw again the furtive glance of suspicion with which he regarded me. Might he not be a spy obtaining information by some covert means from Kavanagh?

Mere Lucas came to the door and bade me good night. When she was gone, I went to the window and peeped again behind the blind. Drigo had not stirred from his place at the foot of the bridge. His presence served to confirm my suspicions, and I saw that Taras, to be saved, must be warned of the danger. But how was I to reach him? I saw clearly enough that it would not do to expose myself to a personal encounter with Drigo. That would not save Taras. Yet how could I get to Taras without that risk?

In seeking an answer to this question it presently occurred to me that workmen had been doing something to the wall which separated the yard from Gordon's pottery, and I recollected hearing that an opening was to be made to facilitate the transport of the group to the kiln, where it was to be burned. If I could get into the pottery, I might find an exit in the street at the back, and so get away unseen and unsuspected by Drigo.

Leaving the light burning in my room, I ran down to the kitchen, provided myself with a candle and silently went out into the yard. A heap of bricks and rubbish showed where the men had been working, and on lighting the candle I found to my inexpressible joy that a break had been made in the wall and roughly closed for the night with a couple of boards. I pushed one aside and found that I could easily get into the cellar beyond, where I saw the square blocks of clay piled up from floor to ceiling.

With some little difficulty I made my way through the cellar into the warehouse and thence through an office into the shop, and here I thought I had nothing to do but unbolt the door and walk out. But when I came to examine the fastenings I discovered a fact which I might have foreseen, knowing that no one inhabited the pottery—the door was locked on the outside. My heart fell, and I stood looking at the solid lock stupidly for some moments, quite overcome by the hopelessness of my position. In the silence that followed my ear caught the sound of a distant footstep and then the heavy scrape of a nailed boot on a ladder and the rustle of straw on the warehouse floor. With unreasoning terror I figured Drigo pursuing me hither, and my heart stood still with the consciousness that I was utterly at his mercy.

A glimmer of light appeared. It grew stronger, and then a pair of rough corduroys appeared at the head of the steps with a lantern on one side and a crowbar on the other, but the next minute I breathed again as a man came into sight whom I recognized as a hand employed in the pottery. He could say nothing for astonishment on finding me there, nor was his amazement lessened when I made him understand that I wanted to leave the pottery without going back through the yard.

"Well, miss," said he, "there's only one way you can go out if so be you don't want to go back the way you come, and that's the way I come in when I've got my fires to look after, as the case is tonight. It's a longer way round and a sight dirtier, for you'll have to go through the coalyard and out into Ferry street, where the road's all up for the drains."

The eagerness with which I agreed to take this roundabout and unpleasant route must have led him to doubt whether on the whole I was quite in my right mind, and indeed my exultation and joy were little short of madness when I got out into Ferry street, where I knew I was quite safe from Drigo.

CHAPTER XX.

A PURSUIT AND RESCUE.

A simple scheme of action suggested itself to my mind as I hurried along the back streets, and coming into Kennington road I looked about for a cab. A smart new hansom stood by the curb in the light of a public house, and as I stopped, wondering if it were disengaged, the driver came out and said briskly, "Cab, miss?"

He was as smart as his cab and looked more like a gentleman's servant than an ordinary cabman. I liked the look of him.

"Are you disengaged for a good long while—perhaps four or five hours?" I asked.

"Where do you want to go, miss?"

"Burlington street. You will have to wait there for a gentleman, and he may not come out of his club before 2 o'clock."

"All right, miss. If it ain't running along all the time, I don't mind how long I'm on, in a manner of speaking."

"If you do what I tell you, I'll pay you just what you ask. Can you put out that light inside?"

"Certainly, miss."

He seemed to understand my position to a nicety and asked which end of Burlington street he was to drive to.

"The Pantheon club," said I. "Draw up, if you please, so that I can see any one who comes out."

He carried out this instruction admirably, placing his cab where I commanded a perfect view of the steps leading to the club door and leaving just sufficient space for other cabs that came and went to pull up easily in front. A good many visitors went into the Pantheon. I saw them distinctly as they walked up the steps in the light that came through the open door, but a long time passed before I distinguished any face that was known to me. It must have been after 12 o'clock when Kavanagh's brougham pulled up in front of us. No one got out of it, but I identified the driver at once as the man whom I had seen waiting outside Grandison chambers, and I fancied as he slowly got down from the box that he cast the same suspicious glance at the hansom that he had cast at me that night.

The drifting rain had bedewed the window in front of me, completely obscuring the glass except at the extreme edge, where a projection of the cab sheltered it. Through this narrow space I watched the man with eager excitement. Stamping his feet as if for warmth, he began to walk up and down the pavement, and I noticed that every turn he came a little nearer my hansom, casting his ferrety eyes at the window, as if to pierce the obscurity. This maneuver did not escape the observation of my smart driver.

"How long are they going to keep us here, mate?" he asked when the man had stamped almost within touch of the cab.

"I don't know. How long have you been waiting here?"

As he spoke he approached so near that I thought it advisable to crouch down below the level of the window.

"Oh, long enough to wish I hadn't got the job. What's on?"

"A concert or something."

"Then we may make up our minds for another hour or more of it. They don't turn 'em out of these clubs before 2. Got a light?"

A match was struck, and a few more remarks were exchanged, and then, the stamping of feet fading away, I ventured to raise my head just as the man was stepping up to his seat on the brougham. His curiosity was satisfied.

The time dragged painfully as I waited in feverish suspense for some fresh development of the drama which I felt was being played close at hand. Visitors came out in twos and threes; cabs were called—there must have been a string of them behind us—the street was quite animated for a time; then there was a strange pause, and the next men who came out stood on the steps looking up, as if something unusual was taking place there.

Suddenly one ran down and opened the brougham door. Fearful anticipations of some impending calamity agitated me to such a degree that every object danced and quivered before my eyes. But I made out a group of men slowly descending the steps, as if they were supporting some great weight, and I distinguished among them Kavanagh's light overcoat.

"What is it?" I forced myself to call through the tube.

"Only a gentleman in liquor, miss," replied the cabman in a jocose tone.

Reckless of the consequences, I pushed open the window that I might see more clearly. At that moment Kavanagh was stepping into the brougham, and the next I saw the helpless man lifted in after him. The light fell upon his face as it drooped backward. It was Taras!

"Follow that carriage wherever it goes. Keep close to it," I cried, recovering my senses under the same influence that had paralyzed them.

"Right you are, miss," replied my driver, gathering up his reins, and as the brougham turned into Regent street we fell into the string of vehicles close behind it.

What was to be done now? I saw no other course but to follow the brougham to Lambeth and hold myself in readiness to act with rigor and discretion in whatever contingency arose. It was not until we had gone a considerable distance that I began to doubt whether it was Kavanagh's intention to go to Lambeth. Fixing my eyes on the brougham, I had taken no notice of the streets through which we passed. When the length of time that had elapsed since leaving Burlington street aroused a suspicion in my mind, I found that the houses on either side of the way were quite unfamiliar to me.

"Where are we?" I asked through the tube.

And when the man answered, "Cannon street, miss," I was no wiser than before.

But soon after this we came into an open space, where I recognized the dark outline of the Tower. Then I knew where we were and saw with horror that we were approaching the place where Taras before had fallen into the hands of his enemy. If they got him on the Mariner's Joy again, how could I save him?

I had noticed, with growing anxiety, that the brougham had greatly increased the distance between us after leaving the more crowded thoroughfares, a fact that I had attributed to the greater strength of Kavanagh's horse and not to the particular artfulness of my driver. This loss of ground now added to my terror. In the labyrinth of streets beyond the mint we might lose sight of the brougham and never overtake it.

"Can you go no faster?" I called.

"Faster? I should think so! I thought you just wanted to keep the parties in sight without sorter lettin 'em tumble to it."

"No—no! Go on quick—quick!"

A flick of the whip doubled our pace. The wheels were tired with rubber, but as the clatter of hoofs grew more audible to the driver of the brougham he turned and looked back. We were near enough then for me to distinguish his hollow cheeks and cavernous eyes, and I think he must have recognized me, for he used the whip freely and increased his speed. Turning the angle by St. Katherine's docks, I saw Kavanagh thrust his head from the window and look back. For a time the race seemed equal, but I observed that the brougham did not gain on us, though the driver used the whip far more freely than my man. But the terror of Shadwell was still before me.

I called to the driver:

"Could you get in front of the carriage and stop it?"

He said he would "have a try at it, anyhow," and with another cut of the whip he shot on and ran wheel to wheel with the brougham. I stood up, and craning out caught sight of Kavanagh as we passed the open window looking across the recumbent body of Taras, his face livid in the light of our lamp. In another minute we had passed, and pulling in sharp toward the pavement forced the driver of the brougham to draw up. Then by another rapid movement my man turned the hansom so as to completely bar the road, and both vehicles came to a dead standstill.

"What do you want?" asked Kavanagh, meeting me in the road as I sprang out of the hansom.

"Taras!" I cried wildly, brushing past him. "Taras!" I cried again as I stepped into the brougham by the open door, with a fearful foreboding that he was murdered.

"Taras!" I cried wildly.

But his hand was warm, and in response to my repeated cry of agonized entreaty he opened his eyes dreamily for an instant. Now that I knew he lived my fears gave place to a feeling of exultant joy and confidence. I was there by his side, and his enemies would have to take my life to separate us, and with this delicious assurance I felt almost indifferent as to what might follow. Presently, however, as this ecstasy subsided I began to take notice of what was passing outside.

Kavanagh was explaining the affair to a policeman, who had seen the finish of the strange race from the gates of the London docks. I could not catch what he said, but his tone was offhand and conclusive.

"You wasn't no more asleep than what I am," broke in my driver from the top of the hansom, and his words were strikingly sharp and clear after the low murmur of Kavanagh. "You put your head out of the window before we reached the mint, and you must have seen well enough as you weren't going to Lambeth that way. You spoke to your man then, and instead of turning round to go back he did all he could to get away in the other direction. You'll just take my number, if you please, constable," he added, swinging himself down from his seat. "The gent in there has been hocused. I'll take my oath. And there's a whole gang of 'em in the job—the driver there, this party that plays the swell and a couple more of 'em in Burlington street. We've been watching the whole plant for four or five hours—ask the young lady inside—and don't you be had by no kid about failing asleep and driver making a mistake. I shall give my evidence if anything goes wrong, mind."

"All right, cabby; all right. I know my duty as well as you do," returned the policeman, and coming to the door of the brougham he asked if I had any charge to make against Kavanagh.

At the same moment Kavanagh appeared at the other window, and speaking rapidly in French said:

"Be careful, as you value your friend's life. I warn you that if you make any charge against me, or even mention my name, Taras will be a dead man within a week. I have only one wish, and that is to get Taras home safely to Lambeth. You shall have every assurance you require that I am acting in perfect good faith." Then he added in English, that the policeman and the cabman, who had come to his side, might hear: "Stay with your friend. My man shall drive you home to Lambeth. I will take the seat outside. You can rely upon the protection of this cabman. He shall follow, and if we diverge one step from the direct road to Lambeth bridge stop us as he has stopped us already, and you can then give me in custody on the charge of conspiracy and abduction. Once more," he added, speaking again in French and with impressive earnestness, "I warn you that this is the only means by which you can save Taras from certain death!"

Fearing the confirmation of this warning even more than a fresh act of treachery, I consented to this proposal, my friend the cabman promising that he would not "give 'im half a chance" of playing false.

CHAPTER XXI.

KAVANAGH CONFESSES.

The movement of the brougham at starting aroused Taras from his lethargy, and he made an effort to shake off sleep, but with a long drawn sigh his head drooped again the next minute. I drew him toward me, and with his dear face pillowed on my shoulder I could scarcely wish our journey to end.

When we drew up at length at our house in Lambeth, Kavanagh came to the door, took the latchkey from Taras' pocket and after lighting the candles in our living room came back to me.

"We must lay our friend on the couch in the sitting room," he said, and turning to the cabman, who had stationed himself in front of us in evidence of his continued vigilance, continued: "Can you give me a hand here? There's a man to hold your horse's head."

With no pretense at disguise, he called Drigo by name, and the man came from the foot of the bridge where I had last seen him and silently placed himself in front of the horse at Kavanagh's bidding.

"He will not waken before midday," said Kavanagh in French when Taras was comfortably disposed on the couch. "The sleeping draft I gave him is perfectly harmless. You can see that he is not in the slightest pain, poor old chap!"

The tone of affection in which he spoke was not less astonishing than the openness of his confession. The audacity of his hypocrisy astounded me, and yet as I looked at him bending over Taras with those soft, feminine eyes I could find nothing in the expression of his face to belie his sentiment.

"I must speak to you before I go," he continued, raising his head and looking me calmly in the face. "The cabman shall wait outside till I go, or in the room with us if you prefer it."

"I'm not afraid of you," I replied.

He bowed, and going to the outer door told the cabman to back his cab and wait there where he could hear if he were called. Then he told the driver of his brougham to return to the mews and bade Drigo go with him. These orders I heard distinctly as I sat on the stool beside the couch where Taras lay.

Kavanagh returned to the room, leaving the doors open, and seating himself on the couch by Taras' feet he leaned forward and said gravely:

"This is the second time you have defeated my plans for saving the life of our friend. Yet I took every precaution that a man could take, short of confiding my purpose to you this second time."

"And if you had done that do you think I should have helped you?" I asked fiercely.

"Yes, I believe you would. I set a man to watch you, and thought that enough"——

"And so it would have been if I hadn't found means to get away without his seeing me," I said triumphantly.

"Whether I overrated his ability or underrated yours matters little now," said he with a shrug, after regarding me in silence for a minute. "I ought to have told you all. With your help we must have succeeded"——

"In what?"

"In getting Taras safely away. At this moment he might have been on the steamer waiting for him on the river and on his way to Russia."

I could only look at him in speechless astonishment for a time. Then, doubting whether I had rightly caught the sense of his words, I said:

"You think I would have consented to such a thing as that?"

"Yes; if I had shown you that it was the only way of saving his life. Understand this, the czar has said that Taras must be silenced—that means that he must be taken back to Russia, where he will be prevented from publishing works offensive to the czar, or that he will be secretly assassinated, for it is hopeless to think of restraining him while he lives here in freedom. I have done my utmost in that direction. I made it impossible for him to burn the group of statuary until Gordon undertook to build a kiln for that purpose, and it was I who destroyed the group the day before it was to be cast. You know now that it was the hand of a friend, and not an enemy, who did that."

"You call yourself a friend, who did that?" I exclaimed.

"Yes, and you would do the same if you perfectly realized his position."

"Destroy what he has made—the work so dear to him? Never!"

"Would you rather that he himself should be destroyed?" He paused for an answer, but as I found no reply to make he continued:

"Unfortunately, nothing is to be gained by it, or it should be beaten down again. He has said that he will carry the work through, though he have to stand by it with a revolver by his side from first to last."

"And he will!" I cried.

"I was as fully convinced on that point as you are before I abandoned the idea. No, there is no other alternative. He must go back to Russia."

"He would rather die."

"But we would rather that he lived. And surely if the means of preserving him were offered you—if another opportunity of removing him should occur"——

"I will not listen to you," I cried with indignation as I started to my feet. "Nothing in the world could persuade me to join you in this shameful plot."

"For heaven's sake, be reasonable, my poor girl!" said he in a soothing tone. "You have seen those pictures of prison life and fancy that Taras would be exposed to such cruelty and hardships as are represented in them. You are altogether mistaken, as he himself would tell you if you asked him. His rank alone secures him against ill treatment. The czar is not unmerciful. Imperial interests compel him to take strong measures. His hostility toward Taras is tempered with profound respect for a political adversary of high attainments and unimpeachable honesty. In Russia Taras will be treated with the utmost consideration and kindness. He will be allowed to live where he likes, and the only restriction put upon his liberty will be with regard to the propagation of revolutionary ideas, and this restriction will be but temporary. The country is ripe for revolution, and in a short time the present government will be overthrown, and then Taras will be free. On the other hand, if he is not conveyed to Russia, his fate is death. Can you hesitate in choosing which lot shall be his?"

"It isn't for me to choose, nor for you. Tell Taras what you have told me and let him decide. He is not a fool or a child that we should take his guidance in our hands."

"He is a child in some things—in simplicity and recklessness. Suppose he chooses to face the danger of assassination, as probably he will?"

"What then? You will not find him unprepared nor me either."

"It is not with me that you will have to deal next time, but with one whose purpose is unbiased by friendship."

"Friendship!" I said through my clenched teeth, feeling that I should strike the man for the blasphemous use of a word so sacred to my heart. "How dare you speak of friendship? Do you think I am an idiot to be fooled by a lie? What proof of friendship have you given—you, who have done your utmost to injure the man who trusted you?"

"Not my utmost. Another pinch of powder in his grass, and Taras would never have awoke again."

"If you did not kill him," I said, detecting, as I thought, an expression of cowardice in those soft eyes, "it was because you dared not."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Ah!

Successful Doctor (boasting of his practice)—I had to turn out of bed no less than six times last night.

Jealous Brother Physician—Why on earth don't you buy some insect powder?—Truth.

No Money Required of Responsible Parties to Commence Treatment.

DOCTOR OTTMAN.

Formerly of New York, now of THE FRANCE MEDICAL and SURGICAL INSTITUTE, Columbus, O., by request of many Patients and friends has decided to visit

Massillon, Wednesday, Dec. 20th

Consultation and Examination Free and Strictly Confidential in the Private Parlor of the Conrad Hotel, one day only.

The Doctors describe the different diseases better than the sick can themselves. It is a wonderful gift for any one to possess. Their diagnostic powers have created wonders throughout the Country.

The Electropathic Treatment for all forms of Female Diseases, and the treatment of Seminal Weakness, Loss of Manhood and Errors of Youth, is recognized to be the most successful method ever discovered as used by Drs. France & Ottman.

DR. OTTMAN, TREAS. FRANCE

FRANCE MEDICAL AND SURGICAL INSTITUTE, 38 and 40 W. Gay St., one block north of State House, Columbus, O. Incorporated 1886. Capital $500,000

DRS. FRANCE and OTTMAN, of New York, the eminent Specialist, on account of their large practice in Ohio, have established the France Medical Institute, where all diseases will be successfully treated on the most Scientific Principles. The Institute has for its Faculty a corps of recognized specialists, each eminent in his profession. Their long experience is the largest hospitals in the world enables them to successfully treat all forms of Chronic, Nervous and Private Diseases, also Diseases of the Eye and Ear.

IMPORTANT TO LADIES—Drs. France and Ottman, after years of experience, have discovered the greatest cure known for all diseases peculiar to the sex. Female diseases positively cured by the new remedy, Olive Blossom. The cure is effected by home treatment. Entirely harmless and easily applied. Consultation and Correspondence Free and Strictly Confidential.

They have attained the most wonderful success in the treatment of Catarrh, Stomach, Kidney, Bladder, Nervous, Chronic and Special Diseases of men and women. Drs. France and Ottman after years of experience have perfected the most infallible method of curing Vital Drain in Urine, Nocturnal Losses, Impaired Memory, Weak Back, Melancholy, Want of Energy, Premature Decline of the Manly Powers. These terrible disorders arising from ruinous practices of youth, blighting the most radiant hopes, rendering marriage unhappy, annually sweeping to an untimely grave, thousand of exalted talent and brilliant intellect. A Perfect Restoration Guaranteed. Bring sample of urine for chemical and microscopical examination.

Cases and correspondence confidential. Treatment sent C. O. D. to any part of the U. S. List of 100 questions free. Address with postage, DR. FRANCE, Columbus, Ohio.

SPECIAL NOTICE

—TO—

INVALIDS.

Why will you suffer longer from Chronic Female Troubles and long-standing diseases, when

Mrs. Dr. Harkey-Adams

Has proven beyond a doubt that she can and does cure every case that will accept her treatment and carry out her instructions and directions?

Mrs. Dr. Harkey-Adams

CURES

After all others Fail

Mrs. Dr. Harkey-Adams' great experience and success in the largest institutions in this country, is a positive guarantee that those who seek relief at her hands will not be disappointed, as thousands of ladies are today well and happy, performing their daily duties with ease and in good health, shedding happiness over the household, which, a few months ago, was all gloom and misery. A sick mother, wife or sister, casts a shadow of glooom over the best and happiest family.

Mrs. Dr. Harkey-Adams, the woman's friend and most successful lady physician in the world positively cures all Female Diseases, and diseases of girlhood and childhood in less time than any other physician living. Cases that other physicians have neglected and kept along for months and years, she cures in a few weeks. She seems to know exactly what a woman's system needs, and gives it at once. If there is a displacement she restores it at once, and removes inflammation, and cures ulceration without caustics or pain, and positively removes cancers and tumors without the knife or loss of blood. Superfluous hair, birthmarks, discolration of the skin, bad complexion, and affections of the heart, lungs, liver, kidneys and blood and nervous systems, cured in the shortest possible time, by her late improved methods, with but little trouble or expense.

Mrs. Dr. Harkey-Adams was educated especially for the medical profession; her father being a well known English Lutheran clergyman, she had many advantages early in life, and inherited those high moral sentiments which have marked her great success throughout her professional life.

While Mrs. Harkey-Adams makes a specialty of female diseases and diseases of children, yet she treats all diseases of the Blood, Nervous System, and diseases of the Stomach, Liver and Kidneys. If afflicted, call and see her

Address all letters to

Mrs. Dr. Harkey-Adams

WILL VISIT

Massillon, Wednesday, Dec. 20.

OFFICE—Hotel Conrad.

CANTON, O., DECEMBER 19.:

OFFICE—Hotel Barnett.

Consultation and advice free, and confidential correspondence with ladies solicited

Mrs. Dr. Harkey-Adams,

NEWARK OHIO.

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

HER DUSKY MAJESTY.

WITH ALL HER FAULTS LILIUOKALANI IS VERY DEVOUT.

A Mixture of Weakness and Strength—The Queen and Her Visitors—Her Unfortunate Tendencies—Material For a Comic Opera—An Episode.

[Special Correspondence.]

WASHINGTON, Nov. 23.—For two weeks the capital has been stirred from center to circumference by the Hawaiian incident. This diplomatic episode has been remarkable, not only in its unprecedented character, but in the effect which it is likely to have upon the popularity and the political future of prominent men. A flood of theories and of arguments pro and con has descended upon us, and with it more than one good story concerning

AT A SOCIAL CALL.

the Hawaiians of the present and past. It was from a gentleman who lived a long time in Honolulu that I heard an interesting bit of gossip concerning Queen Liliuokalani.

It appears that her dusky majesty, with all her faults, is extremely religious. Probably if it were not for her devotion to religion she would be a much worse woman than she is, for by nature she is savage, and her propensities are what might be expected in a woman in whose veins are concentrated the fires of a century of the flagrant licentiousness of her race—a weakness that has hastened the destruction of those people and caused their population to diminish with alarming rapidity through the ravages of leprosy and other loathsome diseases.

Interested In Religion.

Queen Liliuokalani is no better and no worse than many other women of her race. Her devotion to religion has induced her to do many praiseworthy acts. She has always been generous to the poor and an active worker in hospitals and homes for the destitute, aged or unfortunate. She is at times exceedingly fervent in her devotions, attending prayer meetings regularly and lifting up her voice in loud and earnest supplication. Now and then, when the spirit moves her, she exhorts her followers to repentance. Ladies who visited in Honolulu during the reign of the queen, and who paid her social calls at the royal palace, were surprised at what took place. When some one mentioned the religious work in which her majesty took so much interest, the queen exclaimed:

"Yes, I am devoted to the cause of the Master, which reminds me that this is a good time to pray. Let us kneel down together and invoke the blessing of Almighty God upon Hawaii and its people."

Then the queen and her visitors got down upon their knees in the royal audience chamber, and her majesty led the prayers. The visiting ladies thought it one of the most remarkable scenes they had ever witnessed, and came to the conclusion that a woman who could pray with so much fervency and sincerity could not be wholly bad.

Money For an Empty Purse.

Notwithstanding her devotion to religion, the queen has some unfortunate tendencies. One of these is a fondness for the hula hula dance of the natives, which, I am told, she often participates in with reckless abandon. Another of her weaknesses is a fondness for flirting with white men, particularly naval officers. For a year or two before her downfall the queen was in desperate straits for cash, as most of the Hawaiian monarchs have been. The American public seems to have forgotten that the queen's troubles with her subjects grew out of an attempt on her part to fill the royal coffers by the sale of a monopoly to the Louisiana lottery people.

After the lottery operations in this country had been suppressed by the United States government Mr. Morris, the millionaire head of the concern, sent agents to Hawaii and offered the queen a large sum of ready cash and a liberal royalty for the exclusive privilege of operating a lottery in the kingdom. The queen was favorable to any enterprise that would put money in her empty purse, and but for the opposition of her cabinet and the better class of the people the lottery deal would have been carried through. Intrenched in Honolulu with a royal charter to back them up, the lottery people would have found a way to prey upon the credulous people of the United States.

A Gay King.

Queen Liliuokalani is a sister of the late King Kalakaua. Before the death of that dissolute monarch he nominated her as his successor, according to the Hawaiian custom, and she ascended the throne. Neither Kalakaua nor his sister, the present queen, resembled the pure Hawaiian racial type, having hair more kinky and noses flatter, like Ethiopians. Kalakaua's mother was the daughter of one of the chiefs of the islands, and so was his mother's husband. His father, it is well known, was a negro barber of Honolulu. In Hawaii, when a reigning monarch dies without naming a successor, the house of nobles elects a sovereign. When Lunalilo died in 1873 after a short reign without nominating his successor, the house of nobles met and elected David Kalakaua, who was a police court lawyer of the sort that we would call a shyster in this country.

David Kalakaua was a gay fellow both before and after his elevation to the throne. He used to go about playing the banjo at dances and drinking all the liquor his skin could hold. The latter part of this scheme of amusement he continued while king, and there used to be some high old times in the royal palace. Mrs. Dominis is the real name of Liliuokalani, her husband being the son of a New England missionary, which may account for her religious tendencies.

History of a Kingdom.

The history of monarchy in Hawaii would make good material for a comic opera, and it would not be necessary for the librettist to use very much imagination in his composition. Revolutions, riots, conspiracies, scandals, royal licentiousness and reckless dissipation, empty treasuries and desperate expedients to fill them, the plotting of adventurers and a steady diminution of the native population and wealth have marked the last 50 years of Hawaiian history. The business and property of the islands have been swallowed up by foreigners, many of them being missionaries from the United States, until today the sugar interest, which is the chief industry, is held as follows: American, $25,000,000; British, $6,000,000; German, $2,000,000; native Hawaiian, $250,000.

Claus Spreckles, the Hawaiian sugar king, has in his control nearly one-half of the whole island. He is a firm friend of the queen and has never been in sympathy with the provisional government, which was formed by the American, German and English residents. Mr. Spreckles' chief interest in the maintenance of royalty is that the queen permits him to import coolie labor under contract, which the provisional government forbade.

One of King Kalakaua's great financial feats was the sale of the opium franchise in Hawaii to Tong Kee for $60,000. Then the king demanded $15,000 more, which Tong Kee raised and paid over to his royal nibs. The next day Kalakaua sold the franchise to another Chinaman for $80,000, the latter purchaser being sharp enough to get his contract before paying the money.

A Funny Story.

In 1881 Kalakaua visited the United States and chanced to arrive in Washington just as Chester A. Arthur was assuming the presidency after the death of Garfield. Of course the ruler of the Pacific island kingdom had to be received with becoming dignity, and a funny story is told by Representative Hitt as to the trouble he had in teaching Kalakaua the little speech he was to get off in the presence of the American president. Mr. Hitt wrote the speech, made it very short and then spent a couple of hours trying to induce Kalakaua to commit it to memory. He soon saw the task was beyond the king's mental capacity, and so took his pencil and cut the address from 40 to 20 lines.

After an hour more of hard work, during which Kalakaua repeated the words over and over parrotlike as Mr. Hitt recited them, 10 more lines were cut out. Finally, by the aid of several champagne cocktails, Kalakaua managed to learn his piece, but he was dreadfully nervous. Mr. Hitt assured him that no one but the president and himself would hear his speech, and so it didn't matter much whether he spoke the words correctly or not.

The Color Question.

Kalakaua was driven to the White House in state, the colored population of Washington fringing the thoroughfare with dusky lines. The king was so nervous he wanted to stop at every saloon on the way and get a bracer, but Mr. Hitt, who was then assistant secretary of state, held him in the carriage. At the executive mansion Kalakaua plucked up courage and walked in with pompous air, looking every inch the king, for he

THE ROYAL PALACE, HONOLULU.

was a large man, with fine figure. But he forgot his speech after all, and could only stammer out the first few words of it and the closing sentence.

At a dinner party in Washington King Kalakaua drank so much wine that he reeled to and fro in his chair, but was always excessively polite. A high toned young woman from the south sat next to him, and finally became so disgusted with his majesty that she rose and left the table.

"You should remember that he is a king," chided her hostess gently.

"He may be a king," responded the girl, "but I can't realize it. Before the war my father used to win and lose such things as he is over the poker table."

WALTER WELLMAN.

Oliver Wendell Holmes' Pride.

It is characteristic of Holmes, especially in his later days, that he delights to linger among the recollections of the past. He feels the charm of association and the sacredness of things endeared by age. He is proud of his ancestry and has good reason to be, since he is descended on the paternal side from an English family that was represented among the Pilgrim stock, and on the maternal side from Dutch settlers of repute who came to America as early as 1648. "I go in," he once wrote, "for the man with the family portrait against the man with the 25 cent daguerreotype unless I find out that the last is the better of the two. I go in for the man who inherits family traditions and the cumulative humanities of at least four or five generations."

France will usher in the twentieth century with the most magnificent international exhibition ever held. It will open at Paris in 1900 and will include all the beauties of the White City of Chicago, with a world of others added.

PREVAILING STYLES.

EVENING GOWNS AND A VARIETY OF WRAPS AND CLOAKS.

Novelties In Jewelry—Mock Pearl Necklaces and Russian Styles of Bracelets. Get Out Grandmother's Gold Chain. Mercury Metamorphosed Into Viking.

[Copyright, 1893, by American Press Association.]

Two important questions now vex the feminine mind. One is regarding evening gowns for the many social functions, and the other is about the wraps and cloaks. It is supposed that nearly every woman now has her winter dresses decided upon if not already made, and many winter gowns have coats to match, either figaro regent or a plain coat with full skirt which falls into trumpetlike flutings. By the way, if there is an amateur dressmaker who wishes to make one of these fanlike skirts let me tell her a little secret. She must not lay open the seams to press them flat, but simply stitch them, as that throws the surface up in a round, rolling shape. The seams to the waist and those under the arms should be pressed open or stitched down closely on each side of the seam, but this must be done no farther than the lower waist line. The seams, when pressed, make the skirt of the coat set out like a "spring" collar. I think I have described nearly all the latest styles of jackets and coats recently, but every day sees some new and elegant design in long cloaks and superb evening wraps, as well as many varieties of velvet capes. One of the latest of these had a snug jacket with the skirt perhaps 12 inches below the waist line and was sleeveless. There were a triple cape above that, simply gathered, and a pointed butterfly collar with medici collar above. Every edge was bordered with a two inch band of silver fox, headed by a fine line of jet trimming. At the end of the pointed collar were a bow and ends of black grosgrain ribbon. Three rows of fur bordered the skirt of the gray cheviot gown worn with this, and en passant I may say fur borders everything except handkerchiefs this season. This wrap has already been reproduced in wool, the shaggy effect being preferred. Then when the fur is of the same tone the one blends into the other in an exquisite manner. But in many and indeed most cases, the fur forms quite a sharp contrast to the material which it trims. Ermine is very popular, and swan's down is seen on many evening dresses around the necks and around the long wraps for evening wear.

I saw one evening wrap today that was very handsome. It was of mat white corded velutina lined with willow green satin, duchess striped with salmon pink. There was a deep capuchin hood, and both hood and long wrap were bordered with a three inch band of white swan's down. No other trimming has the same delicate lightness.

It is well that all the designers evolve things a little different, which gives each woman just what she wants. No two coats or cloaks or wraps are exactly alike, and I fancy that for this winter they are more diversified than usual. One long coat wrap for a lady was of invisible green velvet, cut princess back and with the front draped across and up to the left shoulder in rich folds and closed all the way down the left side under a fur band, which also extends all around the bottom. The upper part of the sleeves are in large velvet puffs, and the forearm of thick ribbed black silk. This makes a most superb garment and a graceful one as well.

Some of the long velvet mantles are truly works of art and skill, and they are embroidered in the most elaborate and intricate manner and beaded in fine beads set on in such a way as to pick out and define the tracery of the em-

SEASONABLE WRAPS.

broidery. Beaded embroidery is found also on some of the prettiest evening and dancing dresses. I took particular note of a dainty maize courtauld crape made with a demitrain bordered with a headed ruffle of white lace. All up the front breadth was a delicate pattern wrought in outline with brown silk and amber beads. Anything prettier could hardly be imagined. The waist was of the crape, drawn to a point and finished with a piping. The bust was draped with an all over embroidery of the same kind as that on the skirt, and the short puffed sleeves were of the same. I saw the owner of this lovely gown try it on. Long maize perinot gloves reaching nearly to the shoulder and a wide necklace of small amber beads go with this. Amber is to be quite a fad in jewelry this winter, and it certainly is very becoming. It matches a blond's hair and enhances the delicacy of her coloring, while it blends with the darker beauty of the brunette most admirably. It is quite costly, is fine amber jewelry, but nothing pretty is cheap.

Another pretty evening dress for a young lady was made of the new silk courtauld crape, pale lilac, with a plain skirt gathered in the back. There are two lace flounces gathered to form a slight heading. All around the bottom of these were sewed an inch apart wax pearl beads as large as peas. The ruffles were slightly lifted in front, and a spray of white and purple flowers reached diagonally in a graceful sweep from above the top of one to nearly the top of the other ruffle. The waist was gathered top and bottom, slightly joined in front and had two rows of white lace insertion going all around it. There was a bertha made of the same lace studded with pearl beads. The sleeves were simple frills of lace with the beads. Both sleeves and bertha were stiffened with wire. Two lilac bows set high on the shoulders gave pertness to this gown. A wide necklace of fancy mock pearls went with this. This season there will be a large amount of this kind of jewelry worn by the youthful. Pearls are not only expensive, but not always safe investments, as there is no telling when they will get "homesick" for the sea and lose their luster. Women always love pearls for their pure luster, but more than one who could well afford the real wear the imitations. They are so perfect as to deceive almost any one, and so they are worn with as much courage as if genuine. Bracelets are to be worn, and the heavy Russian styles will probably be the favorites in dead gold, often set with diamonds, rubies, emeralds and sapphires all together.

I thought human ingenuity could go no further in the invention of dress material, but there is a new fabric called changeable honeycomb suitings. The surface of this is raised nearly an eighth of an inch, and under this lies the contrasting color. It is shown in dark tortoise shell and black pearl colors with dusky red and a rich blue as under color. It is extremely rich and will be for winter dresses. I noted one just put on exhibition of the pearl and blue, with rolls of navy blue vel-

EVENING DRESSES.

vet, four of them, equidistant around the bottom, but the material is so rich that it really needs nothing beyond the hem. There is a porcupine plush, however, that has been presented expressly for trimming to these honeycomb suitings and it is cut on the straight and set on as bands and bretelles. Among the silks I note the bengalines in all the season's colors, made to be used in combinations, plain and novelty. The wide cord plain is for the trimming or sleeves and the novelty is for skirts, but some use them in a directly opposite manner. There are several styles of brocades with bengaline gowns. One of the prettiest small things that belong to a lady's costuming is the dainty viking style of setting a pair of sharp little wings in her hair, one on each side of the head. The hair should be dressed something like a Diana helmet, and these wings, which are fastened to hairpins, stuck in. The viking wings can be had in black, or any light color, or of lace spangled with diamond dust. This fancy in wings has obtained all summer, but they were called Mercury then. They have changed to viking now.

HENRIETTE ROUSSEAU.

Women's Work.

It is rather unfortunate that the many clever and progressive women at the present time to the fore in business and public affairs are not clever enough to clothe themselves in the armor of righteousness so completely that there is no crevice through which the arrows of newspaper gibings may penetrate with the unpleasant barb of truth. There are such a number of critics always ready to unjustly ridicule women's doings that any really weak spot is sure to be pierced by a stinging shaft. It is quite evident that men will never be satisfied with the work done by women until it is done infinitely better than men themselves could possibly do it, and for the earlier attaining of that end they are prone to condemn as peculiarly feminine and unworkmanlike those little weaknesses and peccadilloes that are in reality common to human nature of both sexes.

For example, it was truly a pity, a very great pity, that the women connected with the World's fair work found themselves unable to stir in the business until they were possessed of silver badges, cost $10 or $15 each, paid for out of the general fund. Still, man is essentially the badge wearing animal and has always been notoriously fond of "a ribbon to stick in his coat," as his Masonic and hundreds of other secret societies will testify, and if women are snared by the same vanity a fellow feeling should modify the severity of masculine criticism. It would seem that women's chief difficulty in any sort of organized work lies in the tendency, after having settled on a definite end, to lose sight of it in the fascinating intricacies of side issues, as a result of which tendency what was merely the means is apt to become an end in itself. There is one universal rule for harmony and perfection in every sort of work, art, music, politics and public functions, and that is—keep the accessories subordinate. And although the heart of man is not invariably inclined to keep this law he will laugh at women's work just so long as women will pile up as stumbling blocks in their own path personal grievances, questions of precedence and the thousand and one unimportancies of a kindred nature.

ISABELLA PROCTOR.

AT THE FLOWER SHOW

WHAT SOME OF THE NEW YORK BELLES WORE.

Velvet For Walking and Visiting. Exaggerated Styles—Dresses For Little Girls. Double Barreled Balloons—Dainty Home Gowns—At an Awkward Age.

[Special Correspondence.]

NEW YORK, Nov. 23.—Velvet for walking and visiting gowns for young ladies grows in favor, and it makes very handsome costumes, but though the young ladies wear it, velvet really is not their material. It is intended for older women. Velvet trimmings and accessories are all right for the young, but a full

VELVET AND DIAGONAL GOWNS.

velvet gown is in questionable taste. Still, if it is stylish and they want it and their fathers are rich enough to pay for it, who could have the heart to refuse a velvet gown for breakfast and another one for tea?

The flower show brought out all the prettiest girls and prettiest gowns, and one young girl made a lovely picture of herself as she stood about in different places, with a background of foliage and flowers, looking like a bouquet herself. She had a black velvet dress made plainly with the exception of a double ruffle at the bottom of the skirt. The waist was an Eton jacket, opening over a pale blue vest, with a jabot of white lace. The sleeves were plain gigot, not too very large. She had a turban of black velvet, with a bit of blue breast of peacock set upon the front for sole trimming. The whole dress was perfect after its kind and almost reconciles one to the velvet.

Some of the gowns worn now are so exaggerated in the way of sleeves as to become ridiculous. There was one lady at the flower show whose shoulders must have measured four feet across. She had a gown of black faille, with satin stripes over it, cut in such a way that the stripes came in zigzags on the skirt. The waist had an enormous pair of bretelles of polka dotted black brocade edged with thread lace. The sleeves were gigot, each large enough to hold a bushel of potatoes, and these were of striped moire. The whole was black—no sign of color—and the combination was handsome and well chosen, but the sleeves and bertha made it ridiculous. Those sleeves! They must have destroyed many a delicate flower as they pushed and elbowed themselves along. One was almost tempted to say, "Sleeves, where are you going with that woman?"

But not all women will be so silly as to make double barreled balloons of themselves. There is always a sensible majority. Of these, one had a dainty home gown made of diagonal serge, with three skirts, cut so that each lapped over the other on the left side and was fastened down by three large velvet buttons. The serge was of mordore color. Each flounce was stitched neatly. There was a pretty postilion basque, and postilion basques are often seen now. The front was open to show a vest of the same and a diagonal plaiting of gold colored satin. The revers were covered with seal brown moire. There were a plain, drooping cape over the shoulders and not too large puffed sleeves, the whole making an ideal gown for a slim person.

Wandering about, seeking always after something new, I came upon a place where nothing is made but dresses for little girls. It is harder to dress girls prettily and well when they are between 12 and 16 than at any other period of their lives. They have lost the unconscious grace and roundness of childhood and have not reached the time when their figures are fully formed. The most of girls at this age are awkward and

PARTY FROCKS FOR LITTLE GIRLS.

conscious of it. It requires, therefore, that a special study be made of their needs. There were two pretty little girls there trying on their party gowns.

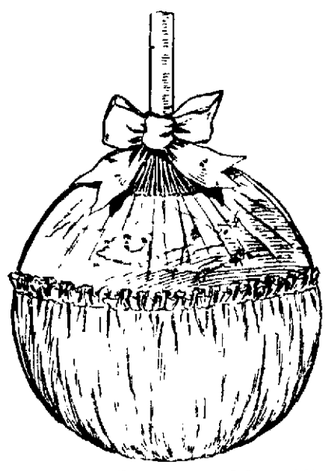
One gown was of pale blue nun's veiling, with a round gathered skirt trimmed with two rows of blue velvet ribbon. The waist was gathered and finished with a yoke and bertha of white lace. The sleeves were double puff. The other gown was of white crepon, with a bias ruffle of white faille. The sleeves were plain puffed balloon. There was a gathered space each side of a pink silk V, covered with lace both back and front of the waist, and two deep capes to the sleeves worked in pink floss. The belt was of pink ribbon.

OLIVE HARPER.

A HAIR RECEIVER.

Directions For Making Some Toilet Conveniences.

Three small palmleaf fans will form the foundation for a group of toilet conveniences that will be welcome beside any bureau. When the three are finished they are to be tacked in place on the wall or on the door, and may be arranged with the hair receiver in the center, with fan handles pointing upward. This fan is prepared by shirring on its front a bag of silk, flowered or plain, covering half the fan. It is loose at the top and makes a handy receptacle for combings. A big bow to match is fastened at the beginning of



the handle. The one used for holding a brush and comb is given a similar shaped and arranged bag, only that is put on so that when the fan is tacked aslant, the bag will be in the right position for holding the articles intended for it. This bag is stiffened in some way, either by a piece of canvas or pasteboard cut in the same shape and fastened on the fan before the bag is.

The whiskholder is made by fastening a pasteboard strap covered with silk or ribbon across the center. The fan ought to be decorated in some way before this is done. A good way is to apply some gilding shantwise across half of it, leaving the other half plain. On this for a background paint in oils a group of flowers or some decorative design. If one cannot paint, this, and the other two fans as well, can be easily decorated by coarse worsted of any desired color, caught back and forth from the edge to the center, following the lines of the veins. Between put silver tinsel, fastened in the same way. The worsted must match the silk of the bags and the ribbon on the handles. If well arranged, the whole makes a very pretty as well as convenient addition to one's room

ANNIE I. WILLIS.

As Sweet and as Dear as Ever.

She has cast aside the garments that awhile ago she wore.
The Eton jacket and the skirt of serge she wears no more
The sailor hat is put away, and shoes of patent leather,
Or dainty russets and the hose that suited summer weather.
The dress she wears today is built upon a different plan.
The jacket's pretty long and trimmed perhaps with astrakhan,
But her cheeks are still like roses and her lips still ripe and red,
And silken still the tresses that adorn her shapely head;
Her eyes are still like diamonds, her teeth are still like pearl,
And we love her just as much as when she was the summer girl.

—New York Press.

Woman's love, like lichens upon a rock, will still grow where even charity can find no soil to nurture itself.—Bovee.

What is this

Non-pull-out

anyhow

?

It is the only bow (ring) which cannot be pulled from the watch.
To be had only with Jas. Boss Filled and other watch cases stamped with this trade mark.
A postal will bring you a watch case opener.
Keystone Watch Case Co.,
PHILADELPHIA.

DO YOU COUGH
DON'T DELAY
TAKE KEMP'S BALSAM
THE BEST COUGH CURE

It Cures Colds, Coughs, Sore Throat, Croup, Influenza, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis and Asthma. A certain cure for Consumption in first stages, and a sure relief in advanced stages. Use at once. You will see the excellent effect after taking the first dose. Sold by dealers everywhere. Large bottles, 50 cents and $1.00.

250 DOSES 25¢
THE GREAT
TAKE THE BEST
COUGH CURE
25¢ 50¢ $1.00
SHILOH'S CURE.

Cures Consumption, Coughs, Croup, Sore Throat. Sold by all Druggists on a Guarantee. For a Lame Side, Back or Chest Shiloh's Porous Plaster will give great satisfaction.—25 cents.

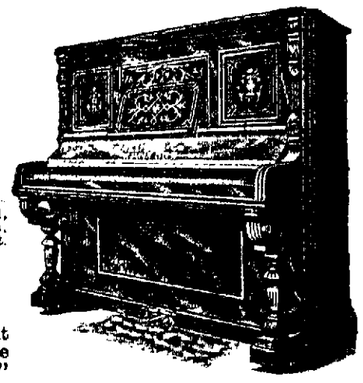
SHILOH'S VITALIZER.
Mrs. T. S. Hawkins, Chattanooga, Tenn., says: "Shiloh's Vitalizer 'SAVED MY LIFE.' I consider it the best remedy for a debilitated system I ever used." For Dyspepsia, Liver or Kidney trouble it excels. Price 75 cts.

SHILOH'S CATARRH REMEDY.
Have you Catarrh? Try this Remedy. It will relieve and Cure you. Price 50 cts. This Injector for its successful treatment is furnished free. Shiloh's Remedies are sold by us on a guarantee to give satisfaction.

NEW LIFE

DR. E. C. WEST'S NERVE & BRAIN TREATMENT, a specific for Hysteria, Dizziness, Fits Neuralgia, Headache, Nervous Prostration caused by alcohol or tobacco, Weakfulness, Mental Depression, Softening of Brain, causing insanity, misery, decay, death; premature Old Age, all Female Weaknesses, overexertion of brain. A month's treatment, $1, 6 for $5, by mail. We guarantee six boxes to cure. Each order for 6 boxes, with $5 will send written guarantee to refund money if not cured. Guarantees issued only by J. M. Schnickers, sole agents, corner Main and Mill streets, Massillon, O.

Many a good citizen
Even here in Massillon,
Usually taking interest in
Seeking still to further on
Every honest industry
Really in the country round.



"MEUSER"
& CO.'S PIANO-FORTE
—Upright in style and quality—
Correct in tone as can be found,
ought by all such surely be seen,
especially the artistic sort.

Perhaps of it they have not heard,
It merits their inspection keen,
All prejudice will in a word,
Not remain just as before, (thought
Or they will say "who would have
Sure! who can ask for any more?"

All tuning piano or organ work
Regulating and all the rest,
Excepting none we will not shirk
but faithfully give all "the best."

But one word more—we hope to greet
Especially every faithful friend,
Shop on Charles and Factory street,
To all such "welcome"—here we end

Second-Hand Organs and Pianos For Sale Cheap.

Open every Monday and Saturday night.

BAER'S
Lancaster Almanac for 1894
English or German.
Subscriptions taken for any publication in the world.
Bahney-Spalding Co.,
20 East Main street, Massillon, O.

Ely's Cream Balm For
CATARRH
THE POSITIVE CURE.
ELY BROTHERS, 66 Warren St., New York. Price 50 cts.

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®
NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

A SOLDIER'S HEART.

[Copyright, 1893. All rights reserved.]

A cold, bleak November day; a Virginia turnpike; a horseman in blue, riding at a gallop.

A turn in the road; a bushwhacker hidden in the bushes; a shot and a fall from the saddle.

It was Little Jim, our third sergeant, riding across the country to carry a dispatch from Custer to Torbett. We called him Little Jim because he was small of stature and because everybody liked him. He was only a boy, and one look into his

BUSHWHACKED.

frank face and big blue eyes made you his friend. The bushwhacker peered over the log and saw his victim lying on the stony road and the horse galloping away in affright, and a smile of satisfaction came to his face as he rose up and hurried through the woods. War is not always war. Sometimes it is assassination—murder.

Twenty rods beyond the body lying in the road is a humble cabin, tenanted only by a woman and two children. War has forced the husband and father into the ranks. At sound of the shot and the clatter of hoofs they rise up from their frugal noonday meal and run down to the gate. A dead man is by no means a rare sight to mother and children. Hundreds of dead have been left on that highway in the last two years, and at times the cabin has been full of wounded men who groaned and cursed.

"It's a Yankee who's been bushwhacked," whispers the mother as she leads the way down the road, and presently the trio are looking down upon the lifeless form of our Little Jim. No, not lifeless. The bullet struck him in the side and inflicted a severe wound, but even while they gaze at him he opens his blue eyes and tries to realize his situation.

"Looks jest like Uncle Dan!" whispers one of the children.

"Let's be good to him!" pleads the other.

She would. Assisted a bit by the children, she got him to the house and had captured a prisoner and a patient at the same time. Her husband and her neighbors had come home with gunshot wounds, and she had helped to nurse them and send them back to fight for the cause she believed was right. Aside from a surgeon our Little Jim could not have fallen into better hands. She probed for the bullet and found it, and if living today he wears it on his watchchain. The Federals had been holding that road for weeks, and all that afternoon and evening the woman listened for the clatter of hoofs that she might report what had occurred and have her patient taken

IN DIRECT LINE.

away. Not a horseman passed. A shift of war had left that cabin the center of neutral ground, and the armies were preparing to go into winter quarters.

There were days and nights when Little Jim was out of his head and raving of home and mother. There were days and nights when his life hung on a thread. He had the care his own mother would have given him. Many and many a time he called her his mother, and blessed her that she had come down from the old home to nurse him back to life. By and by the crisis passed, and the soldier knew where he was and the situation outside. He knew more than the good woman would have him. That little family was being put to sore straits to find him such food as an invalid must have, and he heard the children cry out at night because they had not enough covering to keep them warm. After a few days, when he found there was no chance to get word into the Federal line, he begged of the woman to deliver him up to the Confederate authorities and relieve herself of the burden. She indignantly refused, and the children, who had insisted on calling him Uncle Daniel, cried at the thought of his going away.

Pretty soon a new peril threatened. The neutral territory was given up to bushwhackers and guerrillas. One day a long haired, evil looking man, whose garb was that of a farmer, and who was probably the would be assassin of Little Jim, was seen lurking about the premises. The woman put another pillow behind the soldier, handed him his revolver and quietly said:

"I have your carbine and shall try to kill him if he persists in entering the house. If I am killed, then you must take care of yourself."

The sergeant could hear every word of the conversation as the man finally advanced to the house, and the woman stepped outside to meet him.

"Look yere, woman," he began, "who yo' got in yo'r house?"

"By what right do you ask that?" she demanded in turn.

"By the right everybody has to kill a cussed Yankee wharever he kin find him. Stand aside and let me see what sort of a fowl yo've had cooped in yere fur two or three weeks."

Click! Click! sounded the hammer of her carbine, and as she brought the muzzle on a line with the man's heart she said:

"There's the road! Yo' scatter! I'll count 20, and then I'll shoot!"

He backed away, muttering and cursing, and for the next three days the cabin was in a state of siege. He hung about, determined to investigate the reports which had somehow leaked out, but finding the woman on her guard he finally went away to report to the military authorities. Thanksgiving day came—cold, bleak and a flutter of snowflakes in the air. Little Jim had been shot just three weeks before, but such was the nursing that on this day he was helped out of bed and bolstered up in the big rocking chair to eat Thanksgiving dinner. Tears came to his eyes as he saw what efforts the woman had put forth and how meager the results. Mother, children and soldier were gathered at the table when there came a clatter of hoofs and a clanking of sabers, and a dozen troopers in gray galloped up to the door. At their head was a sergeant, who pushed his way in and seized wife and children and kissed them before he looked at the pale faced man at his table. He was followed by a corporal who was scarcely inside the door before the children cried out:

"Uncle Daniel! Uncle Daniel! Our other Uncle Daniel has come home."

The bushwhacker had made his report to the nearest camp, and the sergeant had been sent to bring the prisoner in. He sat at the head of the table and heard the story, and when it was concluded he patted his wife on the head and said:

"You did just right, Mary. When a Yank is up, he's our enemy; when he's

LITTLE JIM HAS THE FLOOR.

down, we can't strike him. I wish some one else had come, though. My orders are to take him back, and I've got to do it or stand trial."

"I'll go with you," said Little Jim, waving the woman to silence. "After the kindness shown me here I won't see you get into trouble."

"I'll kill him, Jim!" protested the woman. "His wound is not healed yet, and he's no more strength than a baby."

"Yanks in sight, sir!" reported a man at the door.

"How far away?"

"About a mile."

"That lets us out. Twelve of us can't fight no thousand Yanks. Goodby, Mary; goodby, children! Say, Yank, I'm dog-gone glad of it! Orders is orders, but I reckon I'd a-gone back to camp and told 'em it wasn't in me to bust up a dying man's Thanksgiving, no matter whether he was a reb or a Yank!"

Five minutes later the highway was full of Federal cavalry, and half a dozen officers were in the house. This time it was Little Jim who told the story, and when he had finished every one put out his hand to the woman and said "God bless you!" They took the sergeant away in an ambulance, but on the plate on which he had eaten his Thanksgiving dinner they left a due reward, and many a soldier's haversack was emptied that want might be put afar off. After the war Little Jim rode over that highway again to find the cabin in ashes, but the soldier and his family alive and well. His greenbacks built a new and better house, fenced in the fields again, bought horses and plows and seed and started the ex-Confederate on the road to prosperity. Well, the sergeant feels that he can never repay the debt, and the family think there was never such another Yankee in the world, and so, take it all around, it came out as good as the ending of any story, and hasn't been concluded yet. M. QUAD.

A Victim of Bad Gas.

"What are you doing," said the clerk in the hotel. "Do you want to asphyxiate yourself and die on our hands?"

"What's the matter with you?"

"You've gone and blown out the gas."

"Nuthin uv the kind. I'm entitled to the use of this gas, hain't I?"

"Yes."

"Well, I can't get any satisfaction by lightin it. The only way I kin git my money's worth is to sit here and smell it."—Washington Star.

One Strong Point.

"I don't know what will ever become of you, Tommy," said his mother. "You are careless and extravagant about everything. You tear your clothes, knock the soles off your shoes, punch holes into your hats, lose your schoolbooks, fool away your toys and playthings, and don't take care of anything. You waste a great deal by your heedlessness, Tommy."

"I don't waste nothin in handk'chiefs, mamma," snuffled Tommy indignantly. —Chicago Tribune.

The Tailor's Revenge.

Charlie Poorpeigh—I tell you what it is, Sniplegh, I used to consider you a good tailor, but the clothes you have been making for me lately are several years behind time.

Mr. Sniplegh—They are up to date with your last remittance, Mr. Poorpeigh.—Vogue.

BLIFFINS' BATH.

It was Thanksgiving day, but Bliffins had nothing to be thankful for, or rather it wasn't like Bliffins to be thankful for anything, so after going over his accounts in the morning he left his office with the same immovable expression of countenance and the same steely look in his gray eyes. Bliffins was in the chattel mortgage business, and as he emerged from his dingy office he was turning over in his mind how much Widow O'Hara owed him and how he would sell her furniture on the morrow if the money was not forthcoming, which was extremely unlikely, since three of the widow's children were down with the measles and the mother's scanty earnings had gone to pay the doctor's fees.

Bliffins chuckled. Oh, these doctors, and the measles, and the scarlet fever, and the other ailments children are prone to are a boon to the chattel mortgage shark! And Bliffins knew how to squeeze people, for he had grown old in the occupation. How he liked to get the widows and children and bedridden workingmen in his withered old arms! It was not the philanthropic embrace, such as the poet Whitman, with his humanitarian doctrines, conceived—no, indeed—it was more like the embrace of the iron virgin, driving the pointed nails into the heart and brain of the victim.

How it came to pass no one knows. Perhaps because it was yet two hours before mealtime. Perhaps it was for the reason that time hung heavily, since he could not transact business, owing to the stupid custom of setting aside a day for general feasting—as if the majority of mankind had anything to be merry over! At that very moment Bliffins was asking himself: Were people merry because there is sickness in the world; were they light hearted because the other days of the year were all one grind; were they happy because the few knowing ones secured all the worldly accumulations, leaving to the others the task of striving without success, working with meager results and hoping against hope?

It might have been that the mere novelty of the idea appealed to Bliffins like an inspiration—if such a sentiment could move his withered old heart and dusty brain. At any rate, he paused before a Turkish bath, hesitated a moment, entered, was given a key, and in a few moments in the seclusion of a dressing room was divesting his shriveled figure of its rusty raiment. As he stalked out with the towel wrapped about his loins he was met by the attendant.

"Right this way, sir," said the latter, and Bliffins followed him into a room where the temperature at first seemed unendurable.

"Isn't this pretty warm?" asked Bliffins as he sank into a couch.

"Not at all. You'll have it warmer than this before you're through," said the attendant, with a grin. It flashed across Bliffins' mind that the man had a particularly villainous cast of counte-

AWFUL HOT.

nance, but that may have been Bliffins' fancy, for every one looked like a rogue or a fool to him, the latter class predominating.

Bliffins was left alone, for no one else happened to patronize the bath that morning. A pleasant feeling stole over him. His withered limbs seemed to become more supple and the thin blood to circulate more actively in his veins. He sank into a sort of somnolent meditation, his business transactions still uppermost in his mind. "Oh, I'll call on the Widow O'Hara tomorrow," he thought, "and make a cool hundred by the transaction. People tell me I'm hard. Bah! I'm a good business man, and every day I'm growing richer and richer. Money is what makes you feared and hated. How I like to be hated! Isn't it good to know there is no one in the world who doesn't despise you?" The thought was so pleasant that he chuckled more audibly than usual.

Meanwhile the atmosphere had become more cloudy and the heat more stifling. Bliffins began to feel uncomfortable.

"The temperature is getting pretty high," he thought.

It was. Great clouds of steam rolled into the room, as if the attendants were bent in earnest upon thawing out his dry old frame. He could hardly see the ceiling. "Whew! I—and this!" said Bliffins. Rising his way to the door and tried to. Horrors! It was locked, but the glass Bliffins could see the various attendant.

"Let me out!" he shouted.

The attendant only grinned, and his face seemed more diabolical than ever.

"I'm roasting in here!" exclaimed Bliffins.

"Well, roast," said the attendant.

"You won't let me out?"

The man grinned again and turned away.

"Stop! Stop! Come back! Oh, I'm stifling!"

Bliffins fell upon the marble floor, his senses almost deserting him. The heat became more intense, the vapor outdoing in heavier clouds than ever. He breathed with difficulty; he gasped; he struggled. The laughter of the attendant seemed to echo in his ears like the shrieks of 10,000 fiends. He thought he was dying, and his past life floated before him, a moving phantasmagoria in the mist. He saw Widow O'Hara.

"You old wretch!" she exclaimed. "Now you are getting your deserts. You would sell me out, would you?"

She shook her fist at him as he cowered there, and her figure was replaced by others, the ghosts of those whom he had robbed, many of them children with faces pinched by hunger, who had arisen from the grave to confront him. Ah, it was a merry procession for Thanksgiving day, as long as the longest chain gang of slaves that ever toiled under the lash in the torrid interior of Africa. And the maledictions they heaped upon him, their faces distorted with hatred and their voices quivering with rage! What a noise they made, to be sure, these phantoms! Bliffins had never imagined that ghosts could shriek and yell in that fashion. It was a pandemonium of sneers, wails, shouts and howls—exclamations of endless aversion and out-

IN A BAD FIX.

bursts of undying scorn that pierced the brain and racked the senses. It was indeed pleasant company for Thanksgiving day!

Nor was that all! Beelzebub himself was there, and never had his horns seemed so high or his tail so long! He frisked around merrily, his eyes gleaming like coals and his tail whisking like a whipcord, cracking now and then as his antics became more marked.

"I don't like it," gasped Bliffins. "Let me get out."

"No, no, Bliffins! We've got you now, and we are going to give you a little foretaste of what will come when you have presently shuffled off this mortal coil. This is nothing to what it will be then."

"This is pretty warm," moaned Bliffins argumentatively.

"Ah, but you wait. When you are dancing gayly upon the live coals, with sulphur flames shooting up around you, then you'll understand what a torrid temperature is like. I have a nice, pleasant furnace especially prepared for you, and you shall have it all to yourself."

"But I don't want it all to myself," groaned Bliffins.

"You'll get used to it. Come along, now."

"What, now?" shrieked Bliffins.

"Yes, now."

"But I don't want to die now. I can't. I won't. I'm not prepared. I've been an old sinner. Let me live, and I'll repent."

"Oh, you'll repent? How many lies have you told?"

"But I won't tell any more. I'll reform; I'll go to church; I'll put 10 cents in the contribution box every Sunday; I'll"—

"It's too late, Bliffins."

"Mercy, I"—

"Have you ever had mercy on the widows and children? Come on, now." He prodded the unfortunate man with his pitchfork and lifted him up as easily as if he had been a bale of hay. Bliffins uttered a piercing shriek of despair, and—

"All right, sir. Ready for the massage treatment now, sir."

It was the attendant who spoke. Bliffins rubbed his eyes as he woke up and stared in bewilderment.

"Why, where is—Bah! I'm a fool!"

"You went to sleep, sir. We gave it to you pretty warm, sir."

"I should think you did!" muttered Bliffins.

Did Bliffins emerge from his Turkish bath that day a changed man? Did he cancel at once the debts of all his unfortunate creditors? Did he send every one a turkey post haste with the compliments of the season? Did he dispatch a wagon load of provisions and garments to every charitable institution that the lame and the halt, the young and the aged might be fed and clothed? Not Bliffins! His heart wasn't of that kind. He was consistent to the end in his character. He squeezed them harder than ever!

Took to the Woods.

'Twas the day before Thanksgiving,
And the farmer, who a living
Long had earned in raising poultry for the market, called out,
But, alas! anticipation
Quickly turned to consternation,
For his fairest, fattest turkey was not anywhere about.

Long he searched, but unattended
Was his success; therefore he ended
Soon the race of those remaining, and to market brought his stock.
On the messin, bird berating,
At coin found for while debating
What ill fortune had deprived him of the jewel of his flock.

Down a dark and scaly fowl's can reason
After much keep track of the season,
Since all turkey proved all wise pates are not under hats and hoods;
Off to dispatch town his kind sent,
So he knew what knives a-grind meant
And bethought him 'twas the proper time for taking to the woods.

THE DECAY OF THE K. OF L.

JOHN M'BRIDE TALKS ABOUT THE LATE ASSEMBLY.

He Predicts the Rapid Decline and Fall of the Knights of Labor—The Treatment of Powderly—A Clear Statement of the Whole Case by a Chief Actor.

President John McBride of the United Mine Workers of America reached home after attending the late general assembly of the Knights of Labor, sick in body and disgusted in mind. He reviewed the main incidents of the stormy convention, at his home in East Tremont street, this noon, explaining in his clear way the downfall of the once proud order, which in its palmiest days boasted of a membership of 700,000, now reduced to less than one-tenth that number.

"I anticipate the complete dissolution of the Knights of Labor," said he. "The official reports to the assembly showed a nominal membership of but 70,000, and of these but 40,000 are paid up. When you remember that most of these have stuck because Terry Powderly was in the lead, it is not hard to see that they will rapidly drop off now that he has been turned down. The order owns property worth about $60,000. May be it will bring half that at forced sale. I suppose the assets will all be absorbed in the payment of the outstanding obligations and salaries.

"The convention was packed against Powderly, by the late secretary of the executive board, John H. Hayes. Hayes had been removed from office, but the mail of the order was sent to his personal address. Using this as a leverage, he was able to control the assembly, although he did not represent the rank and file. His followers lacked courage to defeat Powderly, and the latter was re-elected, as usual. Then came the hitch.

"The constitution provides that the general master workman shall nominate eight persons from among whom four shall be elected by the assembly to constitute the executive board. Mr. Powderly nominated eight proper persons, but the Hayes ring, after many stormy meetings, rejected all, and attempted to compel him to abandon his position and nominate a slate of their own dictation. Mr. Powderly refused, and finally resigned the office to which he had just been re-elected. One of the Hayes following moved to accept on the ground that no 'autocrats' were wanted. I seconded the motion in order, as I said, to save the assembly from disgracing itself. The resignation was finally accepted, and J. R. Sovereign, of Iowa, state commissioner of labor statistics under Governor Boies, was chosen to fill the vacancy. I've no doubt that Sovereign himself is a well meaning man.

"The Hayes faction had so organized the assembly, that all we could do was to oppose and expose, since they had the votes, every time."

Mr. McBride was the leader of the Powderly following in the convention, and the press reports all speak of the masterly manner in which he handled his forces.

MR. SOVEREIGN HAS ACCEPTED.

DES MOINES, Ia., Nov. 28.—Master Workman elect Sovereign this morning wired his acceptance to the Knights of Labor.

State of Ohio, City of Toledo, } ss
Lucas County,

Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State afore said, and that said firm will pay the sum of One Hundred Dollars for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of Hall's Catarrh Cure. FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D 1886.

SEAL } A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY & Co, Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggests, 75c.

50 Doses.—HONEY OF FIGS—50 Cents

"Honey of Figs" is a very concentrated extract of ripe California figs, etc. It has no equal as a safe cure for Constipation, Colds, Fever, Nervousness, Inactive Kidneys, etc. Old folks love it and children beg for more. Physicians give it in place of castor oil. Keep up with the times, and don't let any druggist sell you some syrup not half so good, on which he makes more profit. Demand Honey of Figs, made by the Fig Honey Co., and tell your neighbors how splendid it is. No other laxative ever sold so well or gave such satisfaction. Z. T. Baltzly, agent, Massillon, O.

Miles' Nerve & Liver Pills.

Act on a new principle — regulating the liver, stomach and bowels through the nerves. A new discovery. Dr Miles' Pills speedily cure biliousness, bad taste, torpid liver, piles, constipation. Unequalled for men, women, children. Smallest, mildest, surest, 50 doses 25 cts. Samples Free, at Z. T. Baltzly.

Special Low Rates.

The Cleveland, Lorain & Wheeling R'y Co. will make special low rates for the following occasions: Ohio State Grange, Patrons of Husbandry, Sandusky, O., December 12 to 16. Tickets sold on December 11, 12 and 13, good to return until December 18, 1873. For Christmas, December 25. Selling December 23, 24 and 25, with limit for return passage up to and including January 2, 1894. For New Years. Selling December 30 and 31, 1893, and January 1, 1894, with limit for return passage up to and including January 2, 1894. For information on excursion tickets apply to any agent of the C., L. & W. R'y, C. S. Belknap, T. P. A., Massillon, O., or address J. E. Terry, General Freight and Passenger Agent.

SALESMEN WANTED

To sell NURSERY STOCK. We grow all the best varieties, old and new, replace all stock that dies, and guarantee satisfaction. Highest salary or commission paid from the start. Write for terms.

H. E. Hooker Co., Nurserymen, Rochester, N. Y. Established 1836. Incorporated.

The Massillon Markets.

The following prices are being paid in the Massillon markets for grain and produce on this date, November 30, 1893.

GRAIN MARKET.

Wheat, per bushel	60—62
Rye, per bushel	70
Oats	32—34
Corn	40
Barley	70
Wool	20
Flax Seed	$1 60
Clover Seed	$3 00—$5 60
Timothy Seed	$1 75—$2 00
Bran, per 100 lbs	85
Middlings, per 100 lbs	90
Hay	$10 00—$12 00

PRODUCE.

Choice Butter per pound	22
Eggs per dozen	24
Lard per pound	10
Hams per pound	10
Shoulders	8
Sides	8
Cheese per pound	11—12
White Beans per bushel	$1 90—$2 00
Potatoes	70—75
Onions	65—70
Apples	$1 25
Evaporated Apples, choice	11—12
Dried Peaches, peeled	12—15
Dried Peaches, unpeeled	4—5
Salt per barrel	$1 00—$1 25

THE MARKETS.

PITTSBURG, Nov 28.

BUTTER—Elgin creamery, 29@30c; Ohio fancy creamery, 27@28c; fancy country roll, 24@25; low grade and cooking, 15@18c.

CHEESE—Ohio finest new, 11½@11¾c; New York, 12½@12½c; fancy new Ohio Swiss bricks, 14@15c; limberger, new made, 14@14½c; new Wisconsin Swiss, 15@15½c.

EGGS—Strictly fresh Pennsylvania and Ohio in cases, 24@25c; strictly fresh western, 23@24c; cold storage, 21@22c, solution, 19@20c.

POULTRY—Large live chickens, 60@65c per pair; live chickens, small, 30@40c; spring chickens, 35@50c; ducks, 60@65c per pair, as to size; turkeys, 7@8c per pound. Dressed—Turkeys, 10@12c per pound; chickens, 8@9c per pound.

WHEAT—No. 1 red, 65@66c; No. 2 new, 63@64c.

CORN—No 2 yellow ear, 45@46c; new do, 43@44c; high mixed ear, 42@43c; No. 2 yellow shelled, 44@45c; high mixed shelled, 42@43c; shelled, 41@42c.

OATS—No. 1 white, 35@36c; No. 2 white, 34½@35c; extra No. 3 white, 33@34c; mixed, 32@33c.

RYE—No. 1 We tern, 56@57c; No. 2 Western, 53@54c.

FLOUR—Jobbers' prices—Fancy winter patents, $4 00@4 25; fancy spring patents, $4 25@4 50; fancy straight winter, $3 50@3 75; clear winter, $3 40@3 65; straight XXX bakers', $3 25@3 40; rye flour, $3 25@3 50; buckwheat flour, 2½@3c.

HAY—Choice timothy, $14.00@15.00; No. 1 timothy, $13.00@13.50; No 2 timothy, $11.00@12.00; mixed clover and timothy, $11.00@11.50; packing, $5.50@6.00; No. 1 feeding prairie, $7.00@8.00; No. 2 do, $6 50@7.00; wagon hay, $17.50@18.50.

EAST LIBERTY, PA., Nov 28

CATTLE—Receipts fair, demand fair and market slow and lower. Prime, $4.75@5 25; good, $4.15@4.40; good butchers', $3.60@4 00; rough fat $3.15@3.90; fair light steers, $3.00@3.25; good fat cows and heifers, $2.40@2.90; bulls and stags, $2.10@3.10; bologna cows, $5 00@12.00; fresh cows and springers, $20.00@50.00.

HOGS—Receipts light; demand fair and market ruled steady. Prime Philadelphias $5.55@5 75; best mixed, $5.65@5.75; best heavy Yorkers, $5.60@5.70; best light Yorkers, $5 60@5.75; common to fair Yorkers, $5.50@5.60; common to best pigs, $5.25@5.75; roughs, $4.00@5 25.

SHEEP—Supply light, market unchanged. Extra, $5.20@5.40; good, $5.00@5.00; fair, $4.75@5 25; common, 50@$1.00; yearlings, $2.00@3.50; spring lambs, $2.00@4.25; veal calves, $5.50@6.75; heavy and thin calves, $2.25@3.50.

CINCINNATI, Nov. 28.

HOGS—Market easier at $4.75@4.45; receipts, 4,800 head; shipments, 2,000 head.

CATTLE—Market steady at $2.00@4.50; receipts, 300 head; shipments, 500 head.

SHEEP—Market strong at $1.25@3.50; receipts, 600 head; shipments, 100 head. Lambs firmer at $2.5 @4.00

VIGOR OF MEN

Easily, Quickly, Permanently Restored.

Weakness, Nervousness, Debility, and all the train of evils from early errors or later excesses, the results of overwork, sickness, worry, etc. Full strength, development and tone given to every organ and portion of the body. Simple, natural methods. Immediate improvement seen. Failure impossible. 2,000 references. Book, explanation and proofs mailed (sealed) free.

ERIE MEDICAL CO., Buffalo, N.Y.

In the Early Days

of cod-liver oil its use was limited to easing those far advanced in consumption. Science soon discovered in it the *prevention* and *cure* of consumption.

Scott's Emulsion

of cod-liver oil with Hypophosphites of lime and soda has rendered the oil more effective, easy of digestion and pleasant to the taste.

Prepared by Scott & Bowne, N Y All druggists.

Scott's Emulsion is for sale by E. S. Craig.

LEGAL NOTICE

John Kennedy, whose place of residence is unknown will take notice that on the 7th day of August, 1893, Mary Kennedy filed her petition in the court of common pleas of Stark county, Ohio, being cause numbered 9123, praying for a divorce from said John Kennedy on the ground of extreme cruelty and that said cause will be for hearing on and after six weeks and one day after the date of publication of this notice.

MARY KENNEDY,
WILLISON & DAY, Attorneys for plaintiff.
Massillon, Oh o, November 30, 1893.

A CUP OF AT NIGHT

MAKES THE COMPLEXION PURE AND BRIGHT.

For Sale by Morganthaler & Heister

Happy As a Clam

is the person who for years has been suffering from indigestion, dyspepsia and general debility, when he discovers the curative properties of

BURNHAM'S CLAM BOUILLON.

In all gastric troubles it effects a permanent cure. It is a natural food, easily digested. Stop taking drugs and try it.

Never buy Clam Bouillon for the sick, except in Glass Bottles.

Grocers and Druggists.

Six ½ pint bottles expressed for $1.50. Send stamps for book, "Household Hints."

E. S. Burnham Co., 120 Gansevoort St., N. Y.

Chamberlain's Eye and Skin Ointment

Is a certain cure for Chronic Sore Eyes, Granulated Eye Lids, Sore Nipples, Piles, Eczema, Tetter, Salt Rheum and Scald Head, 25 cents per box. For sale by druggists.

TO HORSE OWNERS.

For putting a horse in a fine healthy condition try Dr. Cady's Condition Powders. They tone up the system, aid digestion, cure loss of appetite, relieve constipation, correct kidney disorders and destroy worms, giving new life to an old or over worked horse. 25 cents per package. For sale by druggists.

For sale by Morganthaler & Heister Massillon.

B. & B.

Black Goods.

Never in greater demand; never so many choice styles and fabrics from which to select, and

Never a Time and Place

could they be bought for so little money

As Now and Here

500 pieces new, neat fancy weaves ten to twenty styles at each price, 50c., 65c., 75c., 90c., $1 00 and $1,25.

All-wool, plain black

Ladies Cloth,

38 inches wide, 30 cents per yard.

100 pieces of American

Black Dress Goods

in neat, stylish designs, not wide, only three quarters of a yard, and only three fourths wool, but they are only

Half Price at 12½ Cents.

Write our mail order for samples of these, and all other lines Dress Goods, Silks and Suitings, and learn how much you may save by taking advantage of our.

Small Profit Prices.

Our new catalogue will help immensely in selection, not only of Dress Goods, but Ladies', Misses' and Children's Jackets, Wraps, Furs, etc., etc. It is your's for the asking; free.

BOGGS & BUHL,

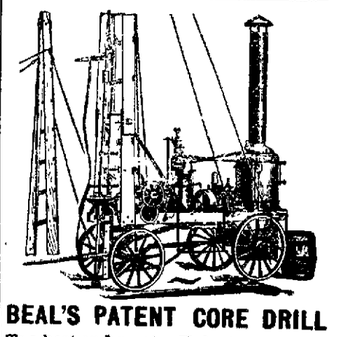
, 117, 119, 121 Federal St.,

ALLEGHENY, PA.

VICK'S FLORAL GUIDE

For 1893, just issued, contains *Colored Plates of Alpine Aster, Begonia, Dahlias, Cannas, Clematis, Pansies, Corn and Potatoes.* Descriptions and prices of the very best Flowers and Vegetables, and many Novelties. Try Charmer Pea and Golden Nugget Corn, they pleased everybody last year. Hundreds of beautiful and appropriate quotations from the best authors makes it The Poets' Number. Every lover of a good garden should send 10 cts. for Guide, which can be deducted from first order—*costs nothing*

JAMES VICK'S SONS, Rochester, N.Y



BEAL'S PATENT CORE DRILL

The best and most efficient core drill made.

It Took the Gold Medal at the Worlds Fair.

This drill will take out 3 and 4 in. core and does the work without the use of diamonds.

I will do contract work for Stone, Coal, Mineral, Marble, Granite and Copper Ores. I wish to correspond for work or sale of machine.

Address the Patentee,

MOSES BEAL,

MASSILLON, O.

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®
NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®